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HOW EASY IT IS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;
Some good should come as the hours go by—
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high.
Life is too short to spoil like this;
If only a prelude, it may be sweet.
Let us bind together its threads of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE is no day that does not bring the night. The sun of our joy has sorrow for its shadow, and the longest, brightest life that walks gladly through its day, goes down, at its setting, to the night silence of the grave, and is lost in its thick darkness.

There the veil falls and hides the great impenetrable secret, the vital mystery whose throbbing beats in every human heart, and whose longings run round the world in that electric chain of faith which binds this earth to the throne of God.

Our day life here is but a short dream, even if we reach the evening and stretch out our arms willingly to the shadow of fast-falling night; but, if at noonday or in the morning a man is cut down in the freshness of his strength, then the tears we weep are bitter, and we are galled with a sense of injustice, and deem the inscrutable hand of death has dealt its blow in cruelty.

This was Estrild's feeling as she sat alone in her gloom, her heart full of its new quivering sorrow and her mind brooding over many memories.

It was hard—oh, it was bitterly hard—that he should die so young, that his happy life should be taken in horror and mystery, Death, like an executioner in a mask, striking him with a swift and sudden blow! And who was this man who had killed him? Was he indeed innocent—guiltless as an executioner is, who does but obey the unseen judge who directs the stroke?

This question brought an instant array of visions before her clothed in superstitious terrors, and she shrank from dwelling on it; she thrust it away, being willing to wait till Harold should bring her a surer answer than her fears could give. By a quick transition of feeling she followed him in his quest, and a little pale gleam of joy shot into her heart at the thought of his brave and tender readiness to seek a solution to the mystery that shrouded Tristram's death.

Yet, in a moment, it seemed a sin at this early time to quench her grief in a renewal of hope, or in the thought of Harold's love. It rather returned to her as a reproach, for it had shared her heart with Tristram, drawing away some of the affection that should have been all his; and it was a bitterness to her now to remember this. Hence, in the jealousy of her grief, her thoughts flew morbidly from the consolation of her new love, and dwelt only on the recollections of the older affection, which had cherished her childhood and guided her youth with tender and protecting hand.

Tristram was twelve years her senior; he had been brother, father, guardian, all things that were true, loving, and helpful. He had saved her from the hard grasp of the man whose ruthless hands now were too ready to seize upon her as his lawful prey. At this thought she fell upon her knees with a low cry and buried her face in her hands. Oh, she had not been half loving enough in the old dear time gone now forever! She had let a stranger step into her life and steal her best thoughts. Even the very last hours of Tristram's last day had been stolen from him and given to this new engrossing love.

How could she forgive herself? How could she look to it for comfort? She could only regard it with a sort of angry amazement, as a something strange, inexplicable, that had overpowered her and blinded her to the sorrow—the lonely sorrow—it laid upon Tristram's life.

She could read it all now on his sad face; she could see how it had crushed him, disappointed all his hopes, and left him stranded on a solitary desert to fight his battle of life alone.

She could see, too, how he had hidden all this, and never unbared to her by any inadvertent word the soreness of his heart. Oh, she had been ungrateful, unkind, cruel! She had forgotten all his long, long care, all her own promises, and she had deserted him for the first kiss of love from a stranger's lips.

But she would be true now, she would remember how bravely he had resolved to live and die alone rather than bring upon some weak and tender woman the fear that had haunted his existence, the dread that upon her children might fall a strange and sudden doom. She would prove herself brave too, and the vow she had uttered should be kept—yes, if all joy perished out of her life, if henceforth for her the sky lost its sunshine and the earth its greenness, she would keep her vow. No child of hers should ever shed such bitter tears as she was shedding now, no such horror as that now overshadowing her home should ever fall upon Harold and crush both brain and heart beneath its hideous mystery.

As this resolve ran with a shudder all through her nerves, she recognized the strength of her love, she felt and knew that beneath all her grief and morbid self-reproach it lay listless for the moment, but yet was the great living fact of life, the one source from which was to spring her joys and sorrows, her struggles, her temptations, and her victories. Without this love existence would be a blank; she might seem to live but the soul within her would be dead.

She felt glad to think of it and to acknowledge its strength; for, unless she loved, what would there be to renounce—what would there be to suffer in holding to her vow? Nothing! It would cost her no more than the breath of her words, and she might at last grow to deem it a folly; but now, in the very might of her sacrifice, she would feel always its worth, and know that she had given up the best of her life rather than grieve Tristram's spirit or work a cruel wrong on Harold.

Ah, he would be angry at her resolve—he would grieve to part from her! But this was a grief time would heal, whereas, if she became his wife, she would be forcing him to share her terrors—grown larger through her perjury—and she would see him day by day shrink from her in dread of the hand that through her would strike his children.

But she would save him from this pain; and in a little while, after the wrench of parting was over, he would forget her, and find some girl whose happier fate could be joined to his without the terror of death setting them asunder through their lives.

She wept as this bitter thought came; and the voice of her heart protested against it, and all her blood rebelled against the cruelty of it, and she was shaken to the core of her being.

What if she was sacrificing her life to a folly—a dream—a mere superstition with no more substance than the rack of a summer cloud, which is nothing but the shadow of a vapor?

Oh, if Harold returned with hope, with certainty, and the gloom was lifted from her heart and life grew natural again, how she would welcome his words of triumph, and fling her arms around him, and own that love was dear!

A low knock at her door made her start up hurriedly and smooth her hair and wipe her streaming eyes ere she gave the intruder leave to enter. The thought of seeing Mr. Vicat roused her blood into rebellion and she stood, with a steady light shining in her wet eyes and a close firmness about her lips, like a creature waiting to receive an enemy.

But when the door was opened she sprang forward with a cry of relief, and flung her eyes round the new-comer, and sobbed on her shoulder like a child comforted by its mother. She did not see how deathly pale the girl was to whom she clung; she only knew she was a comforter and strong and helpful, and this was enough.

"Oh, Pleasance, my dear, he is gone! He was killed—cruelly killed?"

She felt the straining of Pleasance Glendorgal's arms around her, and checked her vehement words.

"Have they told you how it happened?" she said more quietly.

"I have heard all there is to tell. Evidently it was an accident; and there must be great grief on board the ship that has gone to sea."

"An accident?" repeated Estrild. "No, no; it was a murder! And Harold has gone to seize the miserable man who did it."

"My dear there was no motive for a murder. What anger, what grudge could there be on board the King's ship against your brother? Do not torment yourself with such a dreadful idea. Harold will return with proof to satisfy you that the hand that has bereaved us was innocent of all evil intention."

Estrild drew herself from the sustaining arms that held her, and looked upwards with her hands clasped and eyes full of terror.

"Oh, Pleasance you sign my death warrant in saying that! You mean that Tristram has been struck by the mysterious horror that haunts us and brings death to our house?"

"My dear Estrild, calm yourself! I mean nothing of the kind! I mean an accident pure and simple."

"My father died by a seeming accident, and my grandfather. And how can I tell you of the long line of accidents that have snapped so many dear lives in the past, always with the same circumstances of mystery, the same shadowy hand from the world beyond striking them down?"

"I answer you that all this is but a superstitious fancy, born of old legends and the long list of fatalities in your family, which has cast a gloom on you from generation to generation, and fostered in your minds a peculiar phase of thought, a fixed superstition which influences your lives and brings down upon them strange sorrows."

"Yes, that is true; it does indeed. It was this which made Tristram give up all hope of happiness for himself. You know that he had resolved never to marry?"

"I knew it years ago, when you were a child."

Something in her voice made Estrild look up quickly and then she saw a quivering lip, a pale face, and eyes deeply shadowed by memories long past tears.

"Pleasance," she cried, in a voice of pain, "I did not know these things had touched you to the quick. I never guessed——"

"Hush, my dear! It is an old story now, buried out of sight beneath a load of years, and I cannot talk of it. He and I both agreed that you should never be troubled with it."

"Oh, Pleasance, he was too good to me, and you too! Who am I that lives should be sacrificed for my small selfish peace?"

"Not for that, but for what he thought right—for the mistaken duty that is now misleading you."

Estrild gazed into the sweet pale face bending over her so tenderly, and wondered within herself whether she should grow to be like her. The curse that had blighted her fair life was ready to fall now upon her own; and in time she might become as pale, as calm, as joyless as Pleasance was, without her peace.

"Pleasance," she said, "I shall never be so good, so patient as you. I long for happiness; I feel that my life needs it, and without it I shall grow bitter."

"Happiness is within your reach, Estrild. You have but to stretch out your hand and take it."

"And you say that, who have had all joy wrenched out of your life by the same cause that threatens to make my existence barren? How can I believe you with two such witnesses against happiness as at this very hour are beneath this sad roof—you the living witness, and the other the dead witness, of the terrible truth that we are—Pleasance, I must say it—that we are pursued, haunted, and slain by some power outside of this world?"

"It is madness what you are saying now, Estrild."

"There you put your hand, Pleasance on the sore spot in our hearts. You repeat Tristram's words. Either we are all mad who have dreamed this strange thing so long or it is a fact that some mystery—inexplicable, beyond our human ken—touches our lives and our death. Whichever may be the truth, marriage would be a sin."

Pleasance was silent. Her thoughts went back to the days and hours of years gone by, when such reasoning as this poured a flood of bitterness over her heart, and she had bowed her head before it, powerless to resist its force.

The anguish had passed, and she still lived; but her life had lost its freshness, its joy, its spring-time, and the dead calmness of quenched hope that had settled on it made winter for her young years. She felt she was indeed a living witness to the reality of the mental terror—if it were nothing stranger still—that haunted the lives of the Carbonellises.

She, too, had some of their blood in her veins; and it was not without its own peculiar influence in the formation of her character. Perhaps some other girl, a stranger, ignorant of the family superstitions, and totally untouched and unprejudiced by them, might have succeeded in flinging away Tristram's fears by the very lightness of her own spirit, and unbelief in them; but she, a second cousin, could not do that.

Her father's mother was a Carbonellis; and she remembered too well how often she had sat at her feet as a child, and listened to the old Langarth story of the dread dark rider who brought ever a message of death. She remembered, too, the awed whisper in which the aged lady told how her father fell in a duel fought foolishly and suddenly with a friend whom he loved and with whom he had but a trifling quarrel.

The unwilling antagonist had meant to fire in the air, but as he raised his pistol it

went off, and Mr. Carbonellis fell dead, shot through the temple. Before they brought him home his wife knew that death was at her door, for the dark rider had sped on his journey, and his swift shadow had passed before her own shrinking eyes in the park.

Pleasance was eight years old when Tristram's father was drowned, twenty years before. Her grandmother was still alive then; but the shock of her nephew's death and the revival of the old dread story snapped the slight thread of her aged life.

Pleasance remembered standing by her bedside and feeling the pressure of a trembling hand on her head, and hearing a blessing spoken in broken words—words which showed that she had a prescience of the love growing between the boy of twelve years and the pretty little maiden of eight.

"May God bless you, my child, and make you happy! Don't love a Carbonellis. Old sins have spirits, and they haunt us, child. Lift up your little face and kiss me, and say a long good-bye. I am going away. Don't forget me or my last words."

But she had forgotten them till too late. She had loved a Carbonellis, and her life was pale and broken and maimed.

* * * * * *

That night, when Mr. Vicat stole late to his room, his heavy tread paused for a moment before a locked door. Within he heard the murmurs of low spoken prayers and the sobs of a woman.

He hurried on with a softer footstep, owning to himself that he would not so watch and weep over the dead even for the heaviest bribe that his covetous heart could desire.

"Estrild is in that room," he said to his wife. "Girls, for all their tears, have got nerves of iron!"

But Estrild was sleeping. Pleasance had not left her or withdrawn the clasp of her own soft soothing hand till she had seen slumber fall down upon her eyelids, and rest breath a gentle oblivion upon her sorrow.

If now her own grief seized upon her, and all the forced calmness of years was swept away in the first look, the first kiss of chill, awe, and anguish that fell upon a cold face, she knew that she was alone, and that no other human heart would be caused a pang by the sight of her grief.

CHAPTER XV.

THE unmeasured wilderness of clouds and billows threatened black destruction. The solid sky rained hail like thunderstones, which fell like one mass, battering and blending into one sound the clatter of its fierce onslaught. Muffled round by raging darkness, into which the lightning leaped as though it were a demon of fire mad with the joy of destruction, the 'Curlew' labored on with Daniel at the helm and Michael at the prow.

It was a battle between man and the elements. Harold recognized the fierceness of the struggle, and held his peace over the surging waves of gloomy thought which broke upon his mind as he saw the 'Alert' go down.

His quest now looked hopeless; but often from its own wreck hope creates anew the form it longs for—to strive and hope again. So, though his best chance had perished, and lay among the drowned and dead, he did not despair or dream of failure.

The little ship, tempest-winged, sped onwards, wonderfully true to her helm; and, catching every point of wind from the north, Daniel steered her safely away from the wild western shore whose bristling rocks, like savage teeth, hungered for their prey.

Suddenly and sharply as it had come, the hail ceased, and with its cessation the thick flaky ring of darkness, ever moving with them, that had bounded their horizon cleared, and a beam from the sun flashed across their wind-beaten track. Instantly it clothed the sea with light, and the prodigious waves, a moment before huddled in gray confusion, took shape and color, and grew lovely in their majestic strength.

This breaking forth of the sun fell like a glory on the drenched and weary men, penetrating their frozen frames with the warmth of its divine flame, and filling veins and heart with new life.

They dashed wet hands across their eyes, and looked out on their storm-driven path with the joy of men from whom blindness has been lifted, and they glanced at each other's faces with a smile.

It was an electric signal—a mutual recognition that the worst was over, the danger past, the battle won.

It was at this supreme moment, when the breath of the hurricane stood suspended that there rose from the abyss of waters a call, a voice of human agony, faint as the cry of a spent bird, yet audible through its unexpectedness, and its unlikeness to all other sounds around them—creak of cordage and thud of scattered spray.

At the same instant Michael, on the lookout, shouted—

"Boat ahead!"

The cry from the sea had struck all hearts with an electric thrill, and veins grew hot with brave longing to save a life. And now Harold rushed to Michael's side, and saw, right in the ship's path—now engulfed, now rising again—the overturned boat which had passed out of sight with two men clinging to it just before the "Alert" went down.

How it had drifted thus far who can say? Perhaps it had been caught in some current racing southwards, and thus had been driven into the "Curlew's" path. One man could still be seen holding on to it for his life, the other was gone.

For one second Harold gazed at the drowning clinging figure with breath held on his lips, the next he had flung off coat and boots and sprung over the ship's side.

Daniel, who ever since his sight of a ghost had been a Methodist, and had not sworn for full ten years, swore now a round oath.

"Damn the lad!" he cried. "Does he want to swallow the sea? Lower the dingey, Michael. We must save him if we lose the boat for it. A cursed, foolish, brave—the Lord forgive me!—I'll say it out: it's a damned brave thing!"

"So it was," said Josiah Martin. "But arter this there jump he took I ain't afeared of a little salt wactur for 'un."

"Lower away!" cried Michael, as he and the boy took their seats in the boat.

And so Harold, in trying to save one life, risked two others besides his own. But the men were glad of the risk. A brave deed—rash as fire though it be—makes hearts glow with love for it. And, though the men were dead weary, yet their veins ran with sunlight now, turning them into giants of strength.

The dingey was lowered, and lived. It was a miracle; but there are times when miracles can happen. How they happen cannot always be told. There are no words coined to express the valiant deeds done by brave men in danger, when impossibilities shrivel up and smile upon their daring in quite another shape as victory.

With wonderful skill and seamanship Daniel tacked and twisted round the corners of the wind and brought the "Curlew" nearer the drifting boat; then he luffed and waited.

Meanwhile Michael's little craft lived; and, impelled by his strong arms, while Josiah took the tiller, it sprang swiftly after the struggling swimmer.

Through what waves of water Harold fought or what a battle he waged for his very life he never knew, so intent was he on his purpose, and so blind had he become to all sights save the one dark speck which, ever cheating him as to its distance, rose and fell before him as he swam determinedly forward.

At length he was very close. His eyes scanned the distance and counted the strokes with which he could reach it. But, when he got to the spot he had counted on, the boat was gone!

No, it rose again on a towering wave, and Harold flung out his arm wildly to seize it; but it drifted over the crest of the wave, and plunged downwards once more out of sight and reach.

Exhausted by this last effort, Harold was thrown back nearly senseless, and only instinctively able to keep himself afloat, as he heard a voice cry:

"Hold up, sir!" and the dingey was close upon him, and Michael's sinewy hand was stretched over the thwarts to grasp him.

"Michael, for God's sake save that man, and leave me alone!" Harold gasped. "I can take care of myself."

He said this as he held on to the gunwale to gain his breath, but, not heeding his words, Michael, by sheer strength, dragged him into the dingey and thrust an oar into his hand.

"Now, sir, give way with a will, and we will save this man yet!"

Harold saw the sense of this, and, though raging at the loss of time it had taken to pull him out of the sea, he drew in a great breath of life and dipped his oar into the waves. They were not such mountains as those of an hour before. The tremendous downpour of hail had buffeted them and beaten them down somewhat.

And now Josiah Martin, with a wide smile, drew a life-belt from under his seat, and adroitly fixed it around Harold.

"I throwed this in the dingey afore she was lowered. I reckon now your ghost won't haunt me."

Josiah said this, as he successfully resisted the impatient movement made by Harold to hinder his officious attention. Not choosing to remove his hands from the oar, he had to bear the boy's adjustment of the belt rather than lose time.

Once more the drifting boat was neared, and so closely that now, drenched, storm-beaten, and dreadful, the face of the man clinging to it was visible to their strained eyes.

Harold recognized him. It was the face of Captain Armstrong!

His eyes flashed with the fire of burning hope, and the dingey flew beneath the arms of the strong rowers.

Now they were but a hand-breadth away, and Harold flung down his oar and dashed himself into the sea, right upon the drifting boat. For a single instant both men were clinging to the wavering, tossing support, and they looked into each other's eyes.

A darkening mist came before Captain Armstrong's sight, a black sea of things, past thought, swam before him, and the swell and rising of them in his dim eyes touched Harold, as a sword-point touches, with an icy thrill.

He stretched forth his hand in desperate eagerness to save; he almost had him in his grasp; but the shadow of white death passed over the face of the drowning man, and, as the crest of a wave broke over him, he let go his fainting hold and sank as suddenly and instantly as a stone.

The wave that buried him rolled on, carrying the boat with it, and Harold was alone on the heaving waters.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAROLD had been gone three days, and no news of the 'Curlew' or of the cutter had yet reached Langarth, but fears were in every mind for their safety. The storm that had raged for a night and a day left a huge swell upon the sea, and floating in on this came many a piece of drifting timber, telling of wrecks in the ocean beyond.

As the change in the wind from north to southwest brought these to the rugged shore, the people seized them eagerly, and searched for some name or token by which to recognize the ship of which they were, perhaps the sole remnants.

"It's American timber—or Swedish—or it's a piece of a Sunderland ship!" cried the men, whose practiced eyes enabled them at once to read these strange stray records of the storm which the sea tossed carelessly upon the shore.

Upon every reading such as this hearts were lightened, and the word was passed on that the driftwood lying at their feet did not mean the lives of men dear to every one of them.

At the Coastguard-station, perched upon the cliff high above Langarth church tower, the Preventive men stood, wind-battered, glass in hand, constantly on the lookout for the ship that would never return.

Rumors of disaster were floating in the air, and men and women when they met and stopped to talk a moment on the surf-lined sands or on the windy heights above the sea, filled their speech with stories of wreck and storm.

Mr. Vicat picked them up as he strolled about in a prowling way, and brought them home to Langarth, and frightened his foolish wife with them, knowing she would carry them with a scared face to Estrild. But a Cornish girl who knows and loves the sea in all its changing aspects, is not easily terrified by tales of its dangers and its wrecks.

Estrild had faith in Daniel Pascoe and his boat; there was not a better sailor between the Lizard and the Orkney Isles than he, nor a stouter little ship upon the five seas than his.

No harm would come to Harold while he was with Daniel. She had known him to weather much worse storms than this had been. After all, it was but a capful of wind; it was not a hurricane such as she had seen at times on this wild coast.

Pleasance listened with a slight wonder in her mind that a girl so naturally brave, so heedless of physical dangers, should quail in terror before the false alarm of imaginary fears.

Mrs. Vicat had made herself friendly; she came at times to Estrild's sitting-room and brought to her and Pleasance such cheerfulness as was in her power. Sometimes with a frightened air she delivered affectionate messages from Mr. Vicat, with entreaties that his "dear niece" would at last grant him an interview. But this Estrild still persistently refused. She would see her uncle, she said, when Harold returned but not before.

Her resolve chafed that gentleman into a furious determination to prevent a meeting between her and Harold by means lawful or unlawful as circumstances would permit.

Thus things went on till the fourth day, and then Mr. Vicat returned from his daily prowl with his mouth full of news—news so important that he considered himself justified in forcing his presence on his niece. Accordingly he betook himself to her sitting-room, and, without knocking at the door, walked in, big, pompous, and aggressive.

Pale to the lips, Estrild rose as he entered, confronting him with an undaunted mien.

"Sit down, my dear," he said airily. "I have something to tell you."

"I will not hear it," returned Estrild, still standing. "You and I have not been friends for a long while, uncle, and I will discuss nothing with you until Harold comes back."

"Mr. Oliver will never return here," he rejoined. "The Preventive cutter has gone down with all hands—not a soul saved. And report says that the 'Curlew,' in trying to save two men drifting on an overturned boat, ran also on the rocks and went to pieces."

He had blurted this out with no more feeling than a pump has when it pours forth a stream of water. His voice was hard as iron, but Pleasance saw in his eyes a gleam of satisfaction shining like two little pin-points of fire. She came forward to protect Estrild, who stood as if turned to stone, her blood chilled, her heart tightened as by a grasping hand.

"Mr. Vicat," said Pleasance, "I must ask you to leave us. My cousin is not in a fit state to hear further ill news!"

"I do but my duty in telling her the truth, Miss Glendorgal."

"I doubt the truth of your statement," said Pleasance, taking Estrild's hand in hers to reassure her; "you confess you have only heard a report."

"I do. But the loss of the 'Alert' is, I assure you, confirmed. They have had certain information of it at the Coastguard-station. As for the 'Curlew'——"

"The 'Curlew' is safe," interposed Estrild, in a voice so calm that Pleasance looked at her in surprise. "Daniel is too good a sailor to run his boat on a reef. Oh, I am quite certain of seeing Harold again."

Her words brought a twitch to Mr. Vicat's lip.

"You seem to possess a remarkable confidence in this said Daniel's skill," he said; "but I would nevertheless advise you to prepare your mind for the worst. The storm on the coast of Brittany—indeed, on all western coasts—was much more violent, I am told, than it appeared on this southern beach."

"And therefore Daniel would exercise due caution, and not approach too near a dangerous coast. Oh, I am not at all afraid for his safety and all with him."

Here was an extraordinary girl. She was still white as marble, and evidently trembling from head to foot, yet she could brave him like this. Her fears then arose from some other cause.

"Upon my word, I shall have more trouble with her than I imagined," he thought, as he glanced furtively at her resolute face.

"Have you anything more to say, Mr. Vicat?" asked Pleasance quietly.

"A great deal more, Miss Glendorgal. I must discuss now with my niece the question of the inquest."

"Surely not!" exclaimed Pleasance, growing very pale. "There can be no necessity to pierce Estrild's heart with these dreadful details."

"There is very urgent necessity," he returned angrily. "She has been sending letters to the Coroner imploring for delay; she has been countermanding my orders in every way; and it is time now that I put a stop to this interference with law and decency!"

He had shown his cloven foot, and, what was worse, he had taken his stand on it, as though daring them to make him an inch from his position.

"Estrild," asked Pleasance suddenly, "has Tristram left no will?"

"I perceive the drift of your conversation, Miss Glendorgal," said Mr. Vicat with a smile of malice. "I am happy to be able to satisfy your curiosity. I ascertained two days ago from my nephew's solicitors that he has left no will. His father's will therefore stands. Indeed he had no power to set it aside unless he had married; provision was made in that case for him to ex-

ecute a new settlement of certain lands and appoint a new guardian for his sister."

The sweet pale face, into which he looked with a smile of insolent power, had flushed painfully; his words had called up dead hopes from their graves, and for a moment Pleasance was powerless to answer him. Mr. Vicat took advantage of her silence to assert himself again.

"Perhaps, Miss Glendorgal, you can take in the situation now with a glance. It is a responsible one. In consequence of my nephew's death I become, under his father's will, sole remaining trustee and executor, and also sole guardian of my niece."

The man swelled as he spoke with a venomous importance and sense of power. He had crushed Pleasance, who had sunk into a chair and covered her face with her hands in a burst of tears, but he had roused Estrild's courage, and she confronted him now with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"If you insult my cousin by addressing another word to her, you will find, Mr. Vicat," she said, "that the servants in this house still obey me. I am perfectly acquainted with my father's will; and there is no provision in it requiring me to receive you as a guest at Langarth!"

Mr. Vicat was startled; he was unprepared for such language as this, and he was anxious not to quarrel downright with his niece, whom mentally he called a headstrong termagant.

"My dear Estrild," he said, in a conciliating tone, "pray don't mistake me! I am your best friend, only too anxious to order all things for your happiness. I thought it right to let Miss Glendorgal know that I had the power to act as I thought wisest for your interest."

"That is quite enough," she answered. "I wish you also to know that I am possessed of exact information as to the length and stretch of your power. I can apply to the Chancery Court, if I choose, through my cousin, for the appointment of another guardian; and, if you stretch the cord too tight, I shall do it."

Here was another astonishment for Mr. Vicat—all in those days, when the ignorance of women was intense and complete, it was an astonishment that filled him with a ghastly yet ludicrous surprise; it took away his breath and filled him with secret fear and rage.

"Who has been coaching you in law?" he asked, endeavoring to smile. "I fear your legal tutor was not very learned."

"It was my brother," she answered, her eyes filling with tears. "He made me perfectly comprehend what my position would be if—if he should be taken from me. Pleasance you know he always expected this."

The changes in her face as she turned to her cousin, the sudden whiteness and the quiver of her lips, the fear in her eyes, did not escape Mr. Vicat's notice. He put all this down mentally as facts to be reflected on and understood by-and-bye.

"Chancery is ruinous work," he said carelessly; "and, if I resisted any application of Miss Glendorgal's to that court, the suit would most likely last out both our lives."

But Estrild's interest in the dispute was wholly gone; she scarcely appeared to listen to him.

"If the 'Alert' is really gone down," she said, looking at him with that strange fear still shining wildly in her eyes, "the inquest need no longer be adjourned. Get it over if you will; I have no evidence to offer."

This sudden change of subject—this sudden submission—filled Mr. Vicat's mind with wonder. He pondered it a moment, fixing his gaze on her face, scanning the fear on it, and recalling the expression of terror which had flashed whitely over it on her hearing him announce the loss of the 'Alert'. Dimly the truth broke upon him, and he felt he had seized a weapon that he could use with effect.

"No, there is not the slightest evidence to offer, so you must prepare yourself, Estrild, for a vague verdict. It is doubtless the old story—only an accident!" he said, as he shrugged his shoulders and glanced at her furtively.

"Not that—oh, anything but that!" she answered, putting up her hands as if to shield her face from his sight.

"Would you prefer they returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown?" he asked, turning his head as he was leaving the room.

"It would be the truth, I think—I hope," she said drearily.

Pleasance roused herself as she heard this.

"Oh, no, Estrild; you do not hope anything so cruel! You cannot wish such a terrible accusation to be flung at an innocent man who cannot defend himself—a man already before his Judge. Remember, my dear, the 'Alert' is gone down."

"And with it all explanation of the mystery," observed Mr. Vicat, who was pausing at the door. "By-the-bye, Estrild, I have omitted to tell you that my journey here came about through a singular occurrence. A stranger called on my wife and told her we should be wanted at Langarth. She was startled to recognize a likeness of him in a queer old portrait you have in the library."

One glance he took at her face, then he closed the door and went away.

"Estrild," exclaimed Pleasance, putting her arms about her, "you frighten me! Are you faint?"

"No," she answered, turning a blanched face towards her.

"It is a folly," continued Pleasance—"a device of Mr. Vicat's. He tries to terrify you as he would a child."

Estrild made no reply; she stretched out her hand to the bell and rang it. Then she said quietly:

"We shall hear what Prior says. I shall only believe what he tells me."

When the old man appeared, strangely altered in these few days, curiously subdued and pitiful, a single question elicited the fact that the cutter "Alert" was indeed lost.

"You see, Miss Estrild, I had the news from the 'Swift'—the craft, you understand, that the 'Alert' went out in pursuit of."

Yes, Estrild understood; she knew the crew of the "Swift" would not bring a false report.

"So the 'Swift' has seen the 'Curlew' and spoken her?" she said. "That proves she is safe."

Prior hesitated; a wistful look was in his eyes. He looked at Pleasance, and seemed to gather courage from her calm-looking face.

"The 'Curlew' is safe, I'm sure, miss. Daniel isn't a man to run his ships ashore. But the 'Curlew's' boat was in danger when the 'Swift' passed her."

"The boat?" repeated Estrild.

"Yes, miss—the dingey. Daniel lowered her to save—I mean to try to save—a man, or two men, maybe it was, who drifted by clinging to an overturned boat belonging to the 'Alert.'"

Estrild hesitated a moment; her lips seemed parched. She drank a little water which was on a table near, then spoke.

"Was Mr. Olver in the dingey, Prior?"

The old man twisted his words warily to save his conscience.

"I reckon, miss, the men aboard the 'Swift' couldn't rightly say they saw him there," he answered.

"Then of course he was in the 'Curlew,'" Estrild said, as a sigh of relief broke from her lips.

She was looking down, and had not seen Prior's face. Pleasance alone knew that behind the mask of calmness that the old man so resolutely wore there lurked evil tidings, or a terrible dread of evil. They both exchanged signals of silence before Estrild looked up and spoke again.

"Two questions more, Prior. Have you heard any strange account from Mrs. Vicat about a visitor to her who is like——"

"Well, miss," said Prior, interrupting the question eagerly, in his relief to escape from demands harder to answer, "I have heard something of it. But she's a lady with a head like a barnacle—just a shell, like, with nothing in it. Her stories be of no account—mere strams, miss."

"But she said it?"

"Well, miss, I won't say she didn't."

Again Estrild hesitated, and again she drank some water quickly.

"Prior, were the men from the 'Alert' saved who were clinging to the boat?"

"The 'Swift' asked that question too, miss; and Daniel signalled back they was both drowned."

He waited a moment, but Estrild said no more; then he went away sadly, closing the door with a quiet hand.

After an instant's silence, in which Estrild uttered not a word, but sat with head resting on her hand gazing blankly out at the dim sky, Pleasance rose softly and stole away.

She found Prior waiting for her on the staircase.

"Mr. Olver was not in the dingey, miss. It was worse—he was drifting away on the wrecked boat. The dingey was laboring hard to overtake him, and Daniel was tacking and following as best he could."

Pleasance felt giddy; she held by the baluster to support herself.

"Could the 'Swift' do nothing?" she said faintly.

"The captain lowered a boat, miss, but it filled directly. Luckily there was no one in it. He had no other boat—one had been carried away in the storm. He sailed away then, seeing he could do nothing."

For a moment Pleasance made no answer; she passed her hand across her forehead in bewilderment.

"You can guess, miss, how it happened," Prior continued. "Mr. Olver was trying to save the man."

"Yes," said Pleasance vaguely. "Oh, yes, I know he is brave and rash! This must be kept from Miss Estrild."

"And from Mr. Vicat, please, miss; he would rejoice to tell Miss Estrild."

Pleasance said "Yes," again in the same vague way, and hated Harold for a moment as bringing fresh sorrow to Langarth.

"Mr. Vicat mustn't hear of the 'Swift' in no way at all, miss," resumed Prior, uneasily. "The Coastguard-men are mad as fire against her because of the 'Alert,' and Mr. Vicat has cogginess enough in him even to turn informer. She hasn't dared put in here; she's gone on to a safer port."

At another time Pleasance might have smiled at the old man's outspoken sympathy with the smugglers; now she turned away, too sick at heart to say a word more than simply to promise silence.

She returned to Estrild, and found her still seated in the same attitude.

Pleasance was afraid to speak, lest her voice should betray her anxiety; but no doubt of Harold's safety had seemingly touched Estrild's thoughts. She looked up, saying, in a quiet despairing way—

"Not one left living to clear away this horror from my mind! All drowned! And Tristram is dead; and Harold and I are parted forever! Oh, Pleasance, Pleasance, how shall we bear it and live?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ORIGINAL BLUEBEARD.—This terrible fiend of mediæval history and romance was the son of Guy de Laval. His proper name was Giles de Laval but he is better known in French history as Marshal de Retz. He was born in 1396. His father died in 1416, leaving him a large fortune. He entered on a military career under his liege, the Duke of Bretagne, and subsequently served with some distinction under Charles VII. In 1429 he was one of the trusted captains of the heroine, Joan of Arc, helping her to provison Orleans during the famous siege.

In the subsequent triumphant coronation of the king at Rheims, he carried the holy ampulla, or vessel containing the oil of consecration. He became a counselor and chamberlain to the king, and was regarded as being as religious as he was valiant.

At twenty-four he had married Catherine de Thouars, whose dower more than doubled his possessions; and when his maternal grandfather, Jean de Craon, died in 1432, leaving his estates to him, Marshal de Retz was reputed the richest man in France.

Then he abandoned himself to a life of profligacy. Fond of pomp and pleasure, his household was administered like that of a prince. His extravagance made him a great favorite with spendthrifts and libertines. But in his love for vain pleasures he did not neglect his worship. His chapel was magnificently decorated, and supplied in the most elegant style with all the magnificence of a cathedral. Chaplains, choristers, and musicians, all adorned in rich robes, waited upon the sanctuary.

After a time, Prelati, an alchemist, who professed to hold communion with the devil, obtained a strange influence over him. Giles was enlisted in the cause of the devil, to whom he pledged all but his soul in exchange for the promise of boundless wealth, in lieu of the riches he had squandered.

From this moment his career was that of a demon, if but a fraction of all that is related of him be true; and it must be admitted that much of it has strong confirmation.

Girls of tender years and young women were traced to his closely-guarded castles, and never seen again. Little children were kidnapped and inveigled into these strongholds to be dangled at ropes' ends, pricked with needles, and otherwise tortured until dead. Their heads were afterwards used as ornaments for his mantels and bed-posts while the bodies were burned or buried.

These deeds continued for about eight years, when Giles was arrested, confessed, and was burned at the stake October 23, or, as others say, December 22, 1440.

For some reason, not now certainly known, Giles de Laval was remembered as Barbe Bleue; a name which is still used as a terror in many a French nursery. Not until the time of Louis XIV. did Perrault write the present nursery tale of "Bluebeard," which was evidently suggested by the deeds of Giles de Laval.

Bric-a-Brac.

ABOUT THE DANDELION.—Have you ever wondered how this common wild flower got its name of dandelion? Well, you must know that its petals are supposed to be like the tooth of a lion. Now the French for "tooth of lion" is "dant de lion," of which our word is almost a direct copy. Curiously enough, this resemblance seems to have struck the Greeks also, for their name for the flower is "leontodon," which means "lion's tooth."

DOG-DAYS.—The third of August is commonly known as the beginning of the "Dog Days," which do not end until the 11th of August. The term was applied to these days because they are supposed to precede and follow the rising of the star Sirius, in the constellation of the Greater Dog, in the morning. It was an old belief that the increasing heat of the season was influenced by the appearance of this star, while the liability of dogs to rabies, in consequence of the heat of the season, was also connected with the same star. There was nothing but accident in the collusion, yet dogs were once slain without mercy from this day. At Argos, in Greece, there was a festival instituted for the killing of dogs at this season.

BUTTONLESS COAT-TAILS.—There is a curious story told in regard to the proprietor of an extensive shirt works in Maine. He, it seems, wears no buttons on his coats except those absolutely necessary to keep them together. This eccentricity is thus accounted for: One day he met one of his operatives, a girl about eighteen, decked out in furbelows and various bright-colored ribbons. Noticing a particularly fascinating bow on her hair, he said? "What do you wear that for? Does it make you look or feel any better?" The girl pertly replied: "What makes you wear buttons on the back of your coat?" The justice of the criticism struck him so forcibly that he has never allowed his tailor since then to make him anything but buttonless coat-tails.

TRACED BY NATURE.—Some stones are preserved by the curious, for representing distinctly figures traced by nature alone, and without the aid of art. Pliny mentions an agate, in which appeared, formed by the hand of nature, Apollo amidst the nine Muses holding a harp. Majolus assures us that at Venice another is seen, in which is naturally formed the perfect figure of a man. At Pisa, in the Church of St. John, there is a similar natural production, which represents an old hermit in a desert seated by the side of a stream, and who holds in his hands a small bell, as St. Anthony is commonly painted. In the temple of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, there was formerly on a white marble the image of St. John the Baptist covered with the skin of a camel, with this only imperfection, that nature had given but one leg.

THE GLASS SLIPPER.—Cinderella really lived. Her real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived six hundred and seventy years before the Christian era, and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tid-bit, pounced down and carried one off in his beak. The bird then unwittingly played the part of a fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammeticus, and the foundation of a fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls two thousand four hundred years later.

MANY articles, including wraps, table-covers, etc., mysteriously disappeared from a Pittsburg house, and suspicion pointed to a servant girl, who was sent off. The thieving continued, however, and the vigilance of the police proved of no assistance. At last the large Newfoundland dog was seen to pick up a hat, and, being followed, was found to hide it far in under the rear portion of the dwelling, where, on examination, all the missing goods were found.

OLD LETTERS.

BY SUSANNA J.

Within my desk some letters lie,
Much prized, though rarely read;
Long years ago I laid them by—
"Last letters from the dead."

I need not take them in my hand
Or on their pages dwell;
Each close-writ line of trusting fine
Is yet remembered well.

And still at times I can recall
The joy their coming shed,
And how my thoughts would dwell on all
The words the writer said.

She was so young, with hope so strong,
And yet so soon to die;
Ah me, the last she wrote contains
No sorrowful "good-bye!"

Such boundless hopes the young possess,
Their future shows so fair—
Unshadowed love, we thought, would bless
The home that we should share.

O pleasant life so early closed
And called away from mine—
The joint life-work that we proposed
Was not in God's design!

And then how many paths unknown
My feet have learned to tread!
A greater knowledge than mine own
Hath guided, cheered, and led;

And Love, that once in shadow set,
Now shines with light serene,
In such a life is no regret
For that which might have been.

TANGLED THREADS

BY L. GALBRAITH.

CHAPTER IV.

MAJOR JAMES' kind regards, and his wrist is going on well.' That was the message, miss; but the servant says the Major has had a very bad night, and Doctor Leigh says he is not to think of going out; he is so feverish, and had best keep in bed."

Such is the cheerful report brought by Pullen from Leigh Place, whither I had teased and coaxed her into going to make inquiries on our progress to the bath-house.

Oh, what a horrid morning I spend! I never could have believed that the absence of one person could so completely change the aspect of a whole town.

I wander, limp and miserable, on the pier and Parade, with the uncomfortable consciousness that everybody is looking at me, and speculating as to what has become of my shadow.

The sky seems dull, the air heavy, the place looks positively ugly, and I feel, oh, so lonely!

Then I begin to think. If I feel so dreadful because he is away for one day, what will become of me when I am back in Kensington and cannot see him for weeks together?

It is a terrible reflection. I lean over the rail at the end of the pier, where there is no one to see me, and cry a little, quietly to myself; for I am just beginning to realize that all the world is as nothing to me when compared with this one man, who has come, bright and beautiful, like one of the old-time gods, into my uneventful and colorless life.

And he is ill, and in pain, through my fault, and I have not so much as said I was sorry for him.

It is a maddening thought, and I cannot bear it another moment. Something I must do to show my penitence; so then and there I make up my mind to write him a letter.

With this resolve I leave the pier and make my way up the Parade to the library. There I purchase some writing-paper, beg a quill pen and the loan of a blotting-book from the obliging young lady behind the counter, and sit down in the reading-room to compose my epistle.

But words will not come. I make a dozen beginnings, and tear them all up; I deposit a little heap of shreds and scraps behind the ornamental fire-screen.

At last, in despair, knowing that time is passing with painful rapidity, and that before long Mrs. D'Almayne will be coming in quest of me, I dash off the following—

"Dear Major James,—Pullen has been to inquire after you, and tells me you have had a bad night, and are not coming out today, so I shall have no chance of telling you what I cannot bear you to be left longer without knowing: that I am very sorry for and ashamed of my conduct yesterday. I know I was conceited and obstinate, but indeed I am being sufficiently punished. Every time I see your windows with blinds drawn down I feel that you are suffering for my wrong-doing, and it makes me so miserable. Please, will you try to forgive me, and keep these roses as a sign that you do so. "Yours sincerely,

"DOLLY VARDEN.

"P.S.—I have not told any one I am writing this, for fear I should be told I must not send it. I could not wait till you were better to tell you how sorry I am."

Then I buy a little basket, put it my note, and rush off to the florist's, where I had noticed some lovely fresh roses.

I choose the biggest and best, arrange them daintily under a veil of maidenhair fern, and go off with my prize to Leigh Place.

I engage a boy for the sum of sixpence, to deliver my parcel, with the intimation that no answer is required.

When I have seen it handed in at the door, I go off to the bath-house with a light-ened heart, and, though the lack of tennis makes the afternoon unusually long, I am comforted by the thought that he knows now how sorry I am.

Dinner is over. Mrs. D'Almayne, with a bad headache, has gone to lie down in her own room.

I decline the offer of lights, fling open the windows towards the sea, and am enjoying the quiet of the soft twilight. The faint glow of the sunset glory still flushes the west, and the moon is rising serene and silvery from her ocean bed.

It is a glorious night. I lean my arms on the iron railing of the balcony and glance out over the sea.

My mind is full of one thought, my heart of one image. I do not hear the door or a step cross the room.

It is with a start of surprise that I feel a hand on my shoulder, and hear a voice behind me saying—

"What, all alone, and dreaming? Can I have your thoughts for the proverbial penny?"

I turn to see him, looking so pale and tired, but with the kindest smile, as his eyes rest on me, and in his coat one of my rose-buds.

I am so glad to see him. I hold out both my hands in welcome. He takes them in one of his, and then my eyes fall upon the black sling in which rests the bandaged wrist. It is the last straw. I cannot bear it, and burst into tears.

"My dear child," he says in great distress, "what is the matter? I can't have you giving way like this. That beastly fall has quite unnerved you."

"It is not that," I sob. "It is that I am so sorry for you; and—and, it is all my fault."

He sits on the couch and draws me down beside him with the uninjured arm.

"Be a good child and listen to me," he says. "Nothing is anybody's fault. Things happen because One who is wiser than we are sees that it should be so. I am not a religious man, I'm afraid, but I know enough about it for that. If any pain of mine could save you from running again into such danger as you were in yesterday, I am glad and thankful to be allowed to bear it, as, in some sort, for your sake.

And, believe me, any suffering would be worth my while if it brought such a reward as that little basket somebody sent me this morning."

"But you will forgive me?" I plead tearfully.

"Child," he says gravely, "there can be no question of forgiveness between you and me. I have nothing to forgive. If I had—did you not once forgive me for behavior of which I am heartily ashamed to this day? So, if you persist in holding yourself in fault, we are square now, and can cry quits. Dry up those tears, and let us shake hands upon it."

I hold out a limp little hand in obedience to him.

"Look up and say it is all right between us."

The moonlight is shining full upon his face, and there is something in the expression of his blue eyes which at once fascinates and frightens me. The half-formed words die on my lips.

A sudden stillness seems to fall upon the night, and, before I know what he is doing, he has stooped down and kissed me.

* * * * * *

"My dear Dorothea,—My health is now completely restored. Even were this not the case, I could not reconcile it with my conscience to allow you to remain longer absent. More especially as, for the last week, I have been in active communication with Captain Fearon, and, from the tone of his letters, I feel sure your poor father, unwise as he was in many ways, has been led by a merciful Providence to act for the best in trusting your future guidance to this estimable young man. His family have expressed themselves very kindly with regard to the alliance, and are anxious to become personally acquainted with you. Mrs. Charteris, Captain Fearon's only sister, will return to town for a few days next week, and wishes me to arrange an interview. Your wardrobe also claims our attention, as, the engagement once made public, there need be no delay in arranging the date of your marriage. I am growing old; this last attack has shaken me greatly, and it will be a relief to know that I am no longer responsible for your welfare.

"I have therefore written to your dear godmother, requesting her, if she is not returning to town this week, to see you off on Friday by the 1.10 train from Eastoft. Boggett will meet you at Victoria. Trusting that you have benefited by the sea air and the constant companionship of so superior a woman as your excellent godmother, I remain, my dear niece,

"Your affectionate aunt,

"DOROTHY TEMPEST."

This is the letter which awaits me at breakfast on the following morning—a letter which takes away my breath and leaves me feeling stunned and helpless. Here is the end of my month of happiness—the end indeed of everything.

I sit gazing blankly at the sheet till the words begin to dance up and down, and grow indistinct and blurred through a mist of tears.

Nobody notices me. Mrs. D'Almayne is deep in her own correspondence, and it is not for several minutes that she looks up to remark—

"Here is a letter from your aunt, my dear. Have you heard from her as well?"

"Yes," I reply in a choking voice, "I am to go home at once."

Then, without more ado, I fall to crying, as I have contracted a habit of doing on all occasions the last day or two.

"I am so happy here, I never was so happy in all my life before. You have been so kind to me, Mrs. D'Almayne, and now it is all over."

I think I never knew how much I loved my godmother till now, when I take aunt Dorothy's letter round to her, and kneel down by her side.

She takes my head on her lap and smooths out my tangled curls with her gentle tremulous hands.

"Poor child, poor child," she says softly; "it is a hard lesson while it lasts! But we have all been through it, my dear, and you will live to look back with a smile on what seems such a terrible trouble now. Let me see what Dorothy says;" and, still patting and comforting me, she reads my letter. "Dear, dear," she goes on, as she turns the last page, "Dorothy is an excellent woman, but she does not understand young people. That comes of never having married herself. Come, child, do not spoil your eyes with crying. Remember you have to go down to the sea this morning; you are not going home to-day."

There is a ray of comfort in that assurance, and I dry my eyes and try to raise a feeble smile.

"I must have a little time to think things over," Mrs. D'Almayne proceeds. "I will not go to the baths this morning. I have some letters to write, so you must carry my kind regards to Major James and ask him to excuse a very informal invitation and dine with us this evening. And will you go out early, my dear, and tell Carpenter to send us some fresh flowers for this room, and make the chemist understand that it was Florida water, not rose water, I ordered yesterday, and he must send it up at once."

Dear, sweet old lady! There are tears in her own eyes as I throw my arms round her neck and give her a great hug.

"You are so very, very good to me," I cry gratefully.

"Tut, tut—not at all, child! Only I cannot forget that I was once young myself, and thought my Charles the finest creature ever made. My dear, men and women make a great many plans which Providence does not see fit to carry out. Providence takes care of a good girl, and you may be quite sure that, if you are patient, your troubles will pass away, sooner perhaps than you think possible. I can wish you nothing better than a married life as happy as mine has been. Run away, my dear, and put on your hat. Here is 'my precious' been asking for his cream for the last half hour, and we too busy with our own affairs to notice him."

So out I go, taking my way by the Parade to the chemist and the florist, and am turning up the steps of the library when I see some one standing at the corner of Leigh Place, anxiously looking up and down the street.

Two days ago I should have gone to meet him, or waved my hand without a second thought.

This morning I could not do either, to save my life. My heart is beating furiously. I know I am blushing scarlet. That kiss has taken me across the Rubicon.

I cannot forget last night and that tete-a-tete on the moonlit balcony. One must be under fifteen or over five-and-twenty to enjoy one's passages beneath the stars and meet again in the morning sunshine as if nothing had happened.

I should have fled into the reading-room, in my ostrich-like desire to hide myself, had not his eye just then caught my pink frock, and he settled the question by coming straight up to me.

"I saw you pass while I was at breakfast," he says in his old cheerful voice; "I swallowed a whole cup of coffee, very hot coffee, at one mouthful, and gave chase without delay. I'm in great form this morning. Had a capital night. What are you doing out so early, and will you come for a walk?"

"I am doing nothing; that is, I have done all I had to do, and I should like a walk immensely. I must make the most of East-off to-day and to-morrow, for I am to go home on Friday."

"I thought you were to be here a fortnight longer?"

"So did I; but aunt Dorothy has arranged otherwise."

My heart is sore, and I cannot say much. He does not say anything either, so we walk on in silence till we gain the corner by the pier.

"Come round here!" he speaks rather abruptly, turning to the steep solitary little path that leads to the East Cliff. "I want to talk to you quietly, away from all that crowd of people."

I follow him mutely till we reach a little grassy hollow well out of sight of the crowd on the pier and sands, nothing stirring round us save the sea-gulls flitting backwards and forwards overhead.

He flings himself upon the turf at my feet as I sit on a large stone, and, taking a cigarette from his case, lights it.

"Now," he says, after a whiff or two, "give me the letter."

I hand it over at once. Somehow, it seems quite natural that he should ask to see it.

"What an unpleasant fist!" is his only comment as he unfolds aunt Dorothy's closely-written sheet. "Why do women cross their letters, I wonder?"

He goes all through it gravely enough; and, having finished, glances back at the first page again.

Then he folds it up, and, passing it back to me, lies looking out to sea and smoking in silence.

"You are sorry to go?" he says at last.

"Sorry!" I echo. "Why, these weeks have been the loveliest in all my life! I never knew what real happiness meant before. Of course I am sorry to go away. Are not you?"

"No," he answers very quietly, "I am not."

Then, noticing my look of absolute astonishment, he goes on more quickly.

"Don't misunderstand me; I am sorry enough in one sense that our holiday is over. If you have been happy all these weeks, I have been doubly so. But, don't you see that it was a happiness which could not go on for ever, which cannot go on now even, and the fault is in ourselves. We are not the same, never can be the same mere good friends, after what happened yesterday. Something has to be done. If you had not shown me that letter this morning, I made up my mind to leave here at the end of the week. Cannot you understand me, Dolly, when I tell you I could not go on with this kind of thing much longer. No matter how we agree to forget and put it behind us, the fact remains that it is to Fearon, and not to Fred James, you are engaged. The way we are drifting now is bad for you and worse for me. The end has to come, and, knowing that, I cannot help thinking that the sooner it comes the better for both of us."

There is another long pause. I am gazing wretchedly before me, my heart in open rebellion against my fate. Where is the kindness or justice of a Providence which brings this man into my life, only to part us again, which puts the cup of joy to my lips, only to dash it away before I have fairly tasted its contents? What have I done that I should be punished so cruelly?

"Little girl," he says gently, using the sobriquet which from his lips sounds so tender—"little girl, I know just what you are thinking. You are wondering why we may not be happy, like other people, and have things all our own way, and you are saying to yourself, that you will never care for this Jim Fearon, and you will be the most miserable little girl in London. Is not that something like it?"

I nod assent, for I cannot trust myself to speak; and he continues:

"You see I know you so well and love you so much that I can read your very thoughts. It would be nonsense to pretend that I do not care for you, dear. You must know it, and I am conceited enough to think you care a little bit for me, too, but I am not going to ask you to say so, because, though I am free to love you as much as I like, you are engaged to that other man, and are bound to keep faith with him."

"I do not believe it," I burst out passionately. "Why must I keep faith? I never promised to marry him. Why is my dead father's wish to fetter me now, and ruin my whole life? It is not just. It is not right. And I will not bear it."

"Yes you will," he says firmly. "You will bear it as I bear this"—touching his bandaged wrist—"because it is there, and you have to put up with it. You will bear it because you are a soldier's daughter, and will be a soldier's wife, and therefore must die 'game' at all costs. Don't think me hard and unsympathetic, little one. I do not undervalue your trouble one bit. Is it not mine also? But you must give this Jim a chance. Remember he has waited eight years for you. Perhaps he had his temptations to break faith: who knows? Is it justice to him to throw him over before you have even seen him?"

I keep silence. Against my will, against my inclinations, his words are carrying conviction. I know he is right, but, oh, I do not want to think so!

"Face it fairly, little girl for my sake. Because I want you to prove, beyond all doubt, that there is good stuff in you. I can't bear to think that you fall short in one of the qualities that go to make a perfect woman nobly planned. Pluck, and endurance, and sweet self-sacrifice are all packed into your brave little heart, and only want an opportunity to evidence themselves. Here is the opportunity, and here is the end of my sermon. Go back to London, see these people, and make an effort to carry out your father's wishes. And now I want one promise from you, then we will go home and 'trivet' all we can to make up for this rash expenditure of wisdom before lunch."

"I will try to be brave," I falter tremulously; "I will indeed, for your sake."

His grasp tightens on my trembling fingers.

"And my promise—you grant it?"

"Yes. Go on."

"I shall take you up to town on Friday; and, after that, it will be better for me not to try to see or write to you. But, if you find the trial beyond your strength, if things get very bad indeed, promise to send me a line to this address, and I will come to you, though guarded by twenty dragoons instead of one maiden aunt."

I grasp the little card, as a drowning man grasps the rope flung out to save him. That it is a last resource, a forlorn hope, not to be used till matters are in *extremis*, I know. But it is, nevertheless, one ray of light in the midst of my darkness.

I shall not lose my hold on him entirely; he will be in London, within reach. Has he not said I am to go through with this engagement for his sake? And I am ready to suffer anything to prove my devotion. His words have given a fresh color to my future.

True, to marry anybody else is a rather singular method of proving one's affection

for a lover, but I do not think of that now. It is enough for me that he has said in so many words that he does love me.

I believe it is his strong sense of honor that keeps keeps him from trying to take me away from Jim, and I love him all the better for that.

We sit for a few minutes silently looking out over the blue water, then he gets up.

"Child," he says, "I want a keepsake. What will you give me?"

I look at myself, fairly puzzled. Ornaments I seldom wear. My watch-chain is innocent of those thousand and one trinkets which it is the fashion to string about one nowadays.

I have not so much as a knot of ribbon to give as guerdon to my "true knyghte."

"Have you your purse with you?" he asks. "Give me a sixpence for luck."

It is a bright idea. I empty my little porte-monnaie into my lap. In one pocket are two sixpences with holes in them, relics of long-past Christmas festivities at Crumpley Manor, and half a curious Indian coin, which Major James takes up and studies intently.

"What is this?" he asks. "May I have it?"

I shake my head.

"Not that," I reply; "anything else you like, but I won't give you that. I don't think you would care to have it either when I tell you it is the coin Sir George broke when Jim and I were engaged. I don't love Jim, I never can do that; but, so long as I belong to him, I will keep his token as I keep his faith."

His eyes are shining like two stars. He takes a few steps forward, then resolutely stops short and puts his hand into his pocket.

"You are quite right, Dolly; you must not part with that." Give me the lucky sixpence, and here is my exchange. I cut it out more than a week ago, but the fellow who engraved the date only sent it back this morning."

It is a heart carved out of a new shilling, and on the reverse side is engraved the date of our first meeting at Euston.

There is a ring run through the coin, so I can wear it on my watch-chain if I like; but I do not like. As soon as I get home, I take a piece of narrow white silk braid and fasten my keepsake round my neck, safe from all curious eyes.

We are quietly happy all that evening and the following day—happy in being together, for Mrs. D'Almayne gives us, as he says, "plenty of rope" in that respect. But the shadow of the coming parting rests upon us.

The time is soon over, and it is with unfeigned sorrow that I say good-bye to my kind hostess.

I have learned to love the old lady dearly, and her ready sympathy in my present trouble has aroused my strongest feelings of gratitude.

"Heaven bless you, my dear," she says, when the carriage comes to take me to the station. "Keep your own counsel and be a good girl, and you will get your reward. I shall be in town again before long, and, if aunt Dorothy cannot be brought round to our way of thinking, why, you must come back again to the old godmother."

We have the carriage to ourselves all the way to London.

I do not know how it happens, for the train is very full and several people want to get in, but the guard always seems to find them better places lower down.

Major James gets out at the next station to Victoria. He will not say good-bye."

"It is only till we meet again," he whispers, smiling into my mournful eyes. "You have the keeping of my heart, little girl. Be brave, and remember, if everything else fails, you can send for me."

One long hand-clasp, and he is gone, while I am whirled on to Victoria, where Boggett, more austere and vinegary than ever, is in waiting to convey me back to the dreary apartments in Cremlin Place, to rigid propriety, as personified by aunt Dorothy, and to Captain Fearon.

CHAPTER V.

TO-DAY is Monday—the third day since I left Eustoff and said good-bye to freedom, happiness, and him. Only three days! I feel as if I had been here for months.

It was dreary and dull before I went away, when I only longed for, but did not know anything better.

But who can describe the unutterable sense of loneliness that besets me now? I think perhaps aunt Dorothy is grimly glad to see me again; but to give expression to her satisfaction would be against all her principles, so her seeming indifference does not surprise me.

She asked no questions about my visit beyond stereotyped inquiries after Mrs. D'Almayne's health, which was perhaps as well, for I could not have given any particulars of our proceedings there without bringing in Major James's name.

I was glad to escape the necessity of doing that; and yet, after four weeks of consideration and petting, her evident want of interest in my concerns hurts my feelings, just as the dull unbroken routine of the days at Cremlin Place has worried me and brought my spirits down to zero.

On Saturday afternoon a white box arrived for me.

It contained a mass of roses of all shades and colors, smothered in maidenhair fern, and beautifully packed in cotton-wool. For one instant I had a wild foolish hope that "he" had sent them, which was quickly dispelled by Captain Fearon's card tumbling out of the wool packing.

Aunt Dorothy said it was "a most delicate attention."

Another box came this morning. I love roses, and these are lovely.

I cannot help admiring them, as I pile up the richly tinted blossoms in every jar and vase I can find; but I should have valued them so much more if they had brought with them one line even, two or three kindly words of encouragement.

He is so unlover-like, so dreadfully cool and indifferent for the man to whom in a few short weeks I am to be given, for better or worse.

I do not want to see him. I am frightened to death when I think of that solemn interview to which I am pledged this week; but I cannot help feeling that he ought to have made some effort to see me, or at least written to me before this.

Then I picture the way in which my real lover would behave in similar circumstances.

Ah, if it were Fred I was to meet on Wednesday, how different would be my feelings!

A great longing sweeps over me to listen to that deep strong voice once more, to look into those dark-blue eyes, to hear him say, "Be brave, little girl, for my sake!" And I drop my head upon my folded arms and murmur—

"Oh, my love, my love, I do try to be good; but it is so hard! I want you so much. I cannot live without you!"

"Dorothy," my aunt's voice calls from the next room, "Mrs. Hemming has brought your dress; she wishes you to try it on now. Come at once."

I obey languidly. The new toilette, arranged for Mrs. Charteris's dinner-party on Wednesday evening—when I am to be formally presented to my future husband's family — lies in all its glory on the bed.

It is a dainty combination of creamy satin and lace with knots and loops of ribbon to match, half-hidden by the artistically-arranged draperies.

Under the auspices of the dressmaker and her assistant, I am robed in it. It fits me perfectly.

The two women exclaim over its effect. Aunt Dorothy makes a modest suggestion as to an additional lace tucker, which is promptly, almost scornfully crushed by the imposing Mrs. Hemming.

"She looks like a picture, I'm sure!" observes the assistant admiringly.

I stand utterly indifferent. I can see in the glass that the dress suits me perfectly, and is as pretty a frock as one could wish for.

But what does it matter? "He" will not see it.

Aunt Dorothy is rather annoyed by my apathy.

"Really, Dorothea," she says, when we return to the drawing-room, "your want of interest in the arrangements connected with your approaching marriage is most extraordinary. Of course I should wish you to maintain a proper dignity and repose of manner, but this manifest indifference is very unnatural, and, I might say, very unbecoming."

"Why should I be interested?" I retort. "I am not a child to be charmed with a new frock. I do not know this man to whom I am to be married, and apparently he is not in any hurry to make my acquaintance, since he has been in town all this time without making the slightest effort to call, or even show me the common civility of writing."

"Dorothea, I am ashamed of you! Captain Fearon shows great delicacy in not personally corresponding with you till you have been formally presented to his family. He has expressed his affection for you in his letters to me, to my entire satisfaction, and those graceful tributes of regard"—pointing at the roses—"ought to reprove your petulant complaints. You might suitably, I think, send a few lines of thanks. I am writing to Captain Fearon this afternoon and can enclose them."

"No, thank you," I reply. "I do not intend to write to Captain Fearon."

"Dorothea," my aunt says severely, "your intentions should be guided by the advice of those who are older and wiser than yourself. You exhibit a very ill-regulated and unbecoming frame of mind, and, if this is the result of your month's holiday, I fear it has not proved beneficial to you. I trust you will see your error, and write a civil note without delay."

"No, aunt Dorothy," I say firmly, "I shall not write. Captain Fearon considered enclosing a card sufficient for me, and I think it would be 'very indelicate' on my part to make the first advances. As you are so satisfied with his declarations of affection, via your letters, you can do my love-making for me through the same medium. By all means convey my kind regards and thanks for the roses, or enclose my card if you prefer doing so."

Then I sweep out of the room, leaving aunt Dorothy positively dumfounded by my sudden revolt. I have had the best of our little encounter, but I am a sorry victor as I lock the door of my own room and fling myself down beside the bed. For, oh, I am so tired of the whole thing, so weary and miserable, I want all the comfort I can extract from my little silver token, all the courage I can gain from the remembrance of his parting words!

When the luncheon-bell rings, I go downstairs, wondering vaguely what notice aunt Dorothy will take of my outburst.

She ignores it entirely, only a little additional stiffness in her manner betokening that anything unusual has passed between us.

We get through the meal with forced attempts at conversation. Then I read the latest political speeches, to the monotonous clicking accompaniment of aunt Dorothy's needles.

I am laboring through a dreamy leader, when the postman's knock makes a welcome diversion, and I lay down the *Times*, while Boggett deposits a small pile of letters before Miss Tempest.

She is slowly going through them, and my thoughts have flown back to this day last week, to the breezy cliff with its lovely outlook and the sea-gulls flitting past us, when I am brought abruptly back to the stern realities of the present by a letter being placed under my nose, aunt Dorothy at the same time remarking severely—

"Here is a contradiction to your ungrateful complaints of this morning, as to the want of interest in you exhibited by the Fearon family. I trust you will feel the injustice of your remarks."

I say nothing, but take up the letter. It is written in a big masculine-looking hand, easy to read, and is dated from Grosvenor Place.

"Dear Miss Tempest,—My brother tells me Miss Varden is again at home, and I had fully intended calling upon her this afternoon, but unfortunately am prevented from doing so. I cannot help thinking it would be pleasanter for your niece to meet some of us before the ordeal of formal presentation on Wednesday evening; so will you give her my kindest regards, and say, if she has no other engagement for to-morrow afternoon, I shall be so pleased to see her any time between four and five, when we can make friends over the tea-table and learn to know each other.

"It is so long since I left the dear old Manor for India that I find it difficult to imagine Colonel Varden's little Dolly a grown-up girl and my sister-in-law that is to be. I do not want to drag you up here, my dear Miss Tempest, when your time is, as you say, so fully occupied, so Jim shall send the hansom for Dorothy at a quarter to four, and, if you wish it, my maid shall deliver her safely into your hands again.

"With kindest regards, yours truly,

"Helena Charteris."

What a sweet letter; and what a dear woman! My heart goes out to her before I have read a dozen lines.

By the time I arrive at the prettily-worded intimation that I am expected alone, I am vowing her devotion for life. Of course I will go.

I can afford to listen patiently to Miss Tempest's little lectures on my general depravity, since there will be one member of my new family at all events to whom I can look for a little sympathy.

Then I remember that Major James said he knew Mrs. Charteris, and a wild idea crosses my brain. Suppose I send him a little note saying that I am going there to-morrow.

There can be no possible reason why he should not come in as a casual caller; and to see him, to speak to him again! The very thought makes me deliriously, insanely unhappy.

Of course it is a risk. Of course he may be out of town, or have an engagement; but the experiment is worth trying.

I slip away as soon as I conveniently can, and lock myself in my room again, this time in a widely different frame of mind, to concoct an innocent little note, such as the whole Fearon family might read without let or hindrance on my part.

"Dear Major James,—I am trying to keep my promise, though I find it rather difficult to do so. I have had a very kind message from Mrs. Charteris, and am going to have afternoon tea with her to-morrow—Tuesday—at four o'clock: I shall leave again at five and come straight home.

"Yours sincerely, "D. V."

Then I fasten it up and direct it, from the little card that I keep safely stowed away in my purse, to him at 490, Piccadilly.

So far, so good; but how am I to get it to the post? That is the difficulty. There is no chance of doing it myself. If I made an excuse for walking out, Boggett would go with me, I might as well try to induce aunt Dorothy herself to forward a clandestine note as her incorruptible domestic. I dare not trust the other servants, besides which, they are never to be seen, for, of course, our own maid waits entirely on us. I think of the postman; I might ask him to take charge of my precious missive.

Armed with a shilling as a douceur, I plant myself at the window to watch for the arrival of the next delivery. As soon as I hear the short quick steps on the pavement below, I rush to the door, and am just opening it when down comes Fate in the person of that detestable Boggett.

"It is my place to attend to the door, Miss Varden," she says acidly, taking in the letters; and I am baffled again. The stars in their courses fight against me, and the end of it is that, after elaborating sundry schemes, each in turn to be frustrated, I find myself dressing for my visit, with subdued melancholy overspreading my face, and the poor little note still reposing in my pocket.

The difficulties to be overcome only make me more intent on seeing Major James today. Aunt Dorothy has this morning informed me that the lawyers have concluded all preliminaries, and are now only waiting for the details of the settlement, or whatever they call it, to be arranged.

I am looking forward with such dismay to Wednesday night. The end of all things, especially concerning me, seems to be drawing so terribly near that I cannot give up what may prove my only chance of seeing him to say good-bye.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Giving Justice.—A certain Captain Baculard left Marseilles for China, but, being buffeted by the winds, he made for the harbor of Tunis to await better weather. The collector of the port came on board. Capt. Baculard represented that he was freighted for Canton, that he had nothing to do with Tunis, and that he had only put in from stress of weather. But the collector succeeded in demonstrating to him that he must pay the harbor dues. Capt. Baculard did so, but repaired instantly to the palace of the bey and demanded justice.

"Good Frank," said the bey, "I am your friend—God is great. What do you want?"

"Highness," answered Capt. Baculard, "your custom house has robbed me. I have had to pay unjustly."

"Excellent individual," answered the bey, "in this country when we have the money we keep it. The first acquisition is a difficulty. To give back a thing is unknown in Africa."

"But shall I not have justice?"

"Certainly—every one has justice in Tunis. Will you have it in French or Tunis fashion?"

"Highness, I have had a lawsuit or two in France. Justice in French fashion—Heaven forbid!"

"But I don't press it upon you," observed the bey. "If you choose the French I will speak to your consul. He loves justice, good man. Three of my subjects applied to him years ago for immunity, and they will get it next year, I think, for he loves justice."

"French justice? Never! Give me the—"

"So be it, then. God is great," said the bey. "What is your cargo?"

Tunisian; I am in a hurry."

"Marseilles soap and twenty thousand cotton caps."

"It is well. Go away and be tranquil."

The bey summoned the vizier.

"Vizier," said he, "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet. We love justice—we love the Franks. Proclaim that every Jew who appears to-morrow out of doors without a cotton cap will have a little transaction to settle with me."

There were some thousands of Jews in Tunis, and there was not a single cotton cap. They all made their wills, when they learned through an officer of customs that Capt. Baculard had lots of the desired articles. That was enough—Capt. Baculard sold the caps at two dollars each. He rushed to the palace and poured out his thanks.

"Not so fast," said the bey; "I have not done yet. Call my vizier."

The vizier appeared.

"Proclaim," said the bey, "that every Jew who keeps a cotton cap another hour will have a trouble with you. God is great, and I am a lineal descendant of Mahomet."

The vizier made a grand salaam and retired.

When Capt. Baculard returned to his ship he found a crowd of Jews already awaiting him, caps in hand. He purchased the articles at a penny apiece.

Saving a Violin.—When the theatre was burned at Dresden some years ago, there was an honest musician who recollected that he had left his violin in the orchestra—an inestimably valuable Stradivarius, inherited from a long line of musical ancestors, and probably worth, in absolute value, as much as all the stone and wood work of the theatre. He rushed in, scrambled across the smoking stage, and found his treasure safe in its box.

While the blazing roof dropped in fragments about him, he snatched up the box, opened it, took out the violin, and with that in one hand and the box in the other, he started for the door. Ere reaching it, however, his logical German mind took occasion to ask him, first, why he had taken the violin out of the box, when, to say the least, it was quite as well in it; and second, why, since for some reason not given he had taken it out, he should deem it necessary to rescue both the violin and the box.

Though baffled by the first query, Herr Knigutz was not to be posed by the second; and so with a presence of mind which does credit to his sex, he turned once more, slung Stradivarius far into the fire, and with the empty box close clasped to his bosom, he staggered victorious forth into the open air.

Self-help.—Men are quite willing that women should do a hundred things which are physically more laborious than casting a vote. The solicitude some of them express for fear suffrage may injure the health of women, recalls a story told by Miss Eastman. When school suffrage for women was still a new thing, a hard-working woman appeared at the door of the polling-place in a country town to cast her first vote. A local politician instantly bustled up to her, and offered his arm with great gallantry to escort her to the ballot-box, saying, "Let me assist you, madam." The woman looked at him and answered, "If you had been about this morning at five o'clock, when I was making the fire, bringing in wood and water, and getting breakfast, I might have been glad of some help; but it is only about dropping this bit of paper into the box that you want to help me, I think I can do that myself." And she did.

Professor Albert Leeds, of Hoboken, N. J., told the American scientists recently that out of every 100 infants fed on mother's milk statistics show that about 8 died at the end of the first year; out of 100 wet-nursed 18 died, and out of 100 fed on "infant food" 51 died at the end of the first year.

LONG, LONG AGO.

BY T. H. BAYLEY.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago—long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago—long ago.
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago—long ago.

Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago—long, long ago;
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago—long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago—long ago.

Princess Poppæa.

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG Englishman, standing on the landing-stage below the Admiralty Pier at Dover and watching the arrivals off the Calais boat, was attracted by the great beauty of a lady, who, by coming slowly up the gangway, caused a momentary block.

A fussy, middle-aged man, his hands full of those articles of luggage which one might almost call its details, was impatient of the delay, and made some uncivil and ill-tempered remark about "losing a good place in the train through the stupidity of people unaccustomed to traveling."

He spoke in a loud voice, so that his words were plainly audible, not only to the lady at whom they were delivered, but also to the many bystanders on the quay.

At the moment before that of his speaking, the lady's eyes had met those of the young Englishman already referred to.

She had been unconsciously in the act of raising them, and it was the start and momentary standstill consequent upon a sudden recognition which had called forth the boorish remark.

Her mind had seemed busy with a surprise, and consequently another second or so elapsed before she took in that it was at herself that this fussy, insolent man was levelling his loud and ill-bred impatience.

She looked round with a quick movement suggestive of a retort, but the young Englishman, now at the head of the gangway, could not see her face, and when she spoke her voice was tender and soft, and her eyes luminous and appealing.

"If monsieur will have patience," she said, with a slight touch of foreign accent, "I am not very strong."

As she spoke she stepped on to the land. The passage from the vessel had occupied perhaps fifteen or twenty seconds, though it has taken many more to describe.

Once more her eyes had met those of the young Englishman. He raised his hat.

"Will you allow me to help you?" he said, "as soon as this—this gentleman, who seems in such a hurry, has finished blocking the way?"

For the fussy man in his haste had dropped one of his "details," and with laden hands was floundering after it as it rolled on the ground.

Everyone was glad. No one offered to help him.

Suddenly the lady stooped, picked up the parcel, and gave it the its owner, who, feeling his position, barely thanked her.

The young Englishman, enjoying the discomfiture of the "brute who had insulted a woman," while half annoyed that his punishment should be curtailed, could not, nevertheless, refrain from giving an exclamation of admiration.

"Why did you do that?" he cried. "Cad! It served him right."

"Perhaps it was a more exquisite revenge," said the lady.

There was a twinkle of merriment now in the eyes.

Something in their expression made the mirth infectious. The young man laughed, and the lady looked at him frankly and laughed too.

"But the train will be full," she said, "and here comes my maid. "You offered just now to help me, perhaps——"

"You will let me?" he said quite joyfully.

"Ah! and you will tell me," said the lady with her pretty foreign accent, "for the Metropole ought I to go to Victoria or to Charing Cross?"

The last name she pronounced as if it had been spelt with an S: thus, Sharing Cross.

"To Charing Cross," replied the young man.

"Charing," said the lady as he accompanied her towards the train he was indicating. "Charing, not Sharing. Thank you."

"I did not mean to correct you," he said with a smile.

"No, but I thank you for it. Your English is difficult for me," she replied. "If you would speak in French—— This car? A compartment to ourselves. Soules! Que nous sommes heureuses, n'est ce pas, Virginie!" she added, turning slowly to her maid.

As she spoke the guard, into whose hand our young Englishman had managed to slip half-a-crown, came up and locked the door.

"And now how can I thank you?" said the lady, turning upon him those wonderful eyes which had first attracted his attention.

He saw now that they were big, and that they seemed very dark. Their pupils had a way of deepening suddenly and spreading over the irises.

This gave the appearance of great darkness, for the actual color of the irises themselves in a strong light was of a red-brown, like that of a ripe chestnut, and just round the edge was a narrow rim of gold.

The face, whence shone the lustrous eyes, was oval and pale. The mouth was small, well-shaped, and red.

The nose was straight, and the nostrils neatly cut. The eyebrows were strongly marked, and of a brown a few shades darker than that of the hair.

The figure, clad in a traveling dress of a pretty shade of gray, was slight and supple.

"There is one thing more than I can do," said the young man suddenly, and he took off his hat and was gone.

"He will come back," said the lady, turning quickly to her maid and speaking, curiously enough, without a foreign accent, and in English, "surely he will come back."

As she spoke the train moved off from the quay.

In Dover Town station, a few minutes later, he appeared at the window of their compartment. He held two steaming cups of tea.

"Indeed, I do not know how to thank you," said the lady; "you have been more than kind. Pardon me, but am I not right? Your name is Hanbury, is it not? Percy Hanbury?"

The young man looked at her in amazement.

"Yes," he answered. "How did you know? How could you have known?"

She lowered her eyebrows. In the shadow her pupils distended rapidly. The black encroached upon the red-brown of the iris, even to the tiny rim of gold. Her voice sounded differently as she slowly answered.

"I have seen you before," she said dreamily. "Last week in Petersburg. I saw this meeting shadowed in the astral light."

He was still looking at her in his astonishment. The guard blew his whistle, and with uplifted hand called "Right be'ind!"

The engine gave her scream.

"And I," he said, recovering himself, for the time was short, "who have not these occult means of divination, may I know to whom I have had the honor of speaking?"

The lady took from her handbag a card-case, from the cardcase a card.

The train was moving off.

"Many, many thanks," she said; "believe me I am deeply grateful to you. Good-bye and auf wiedersehen."

They were gone now, and standing on the platform he read the name upon the card. It was this—

THE PRINCESS POPPÆA ROWENSKA.

CHAPTER II.

At the Lord Warden, Percy Hanbury found a letter awaiting him. It was from his sister, and it ran as follows:

Emperor's Mansions, S.W., Wednesday.

"DEAR OLD PERCY,—I direct this to Dover, for I suppose by this time you must be on your way home, and as my last letter was returned to me from Venice I conclude that you must have left just before it arrived. Why don't you leave your address, you stupid boy, when you move on suddenly? And why will you write on postcards? Of course I could have written to Basle, but as I had wasted nearly three quarters of an hour the week before on the letter which I got back, it did not seem to me that you deserved it. In that letter I had told you all sorts of things, and now I have to repeat them. In the first place, I told you that Ethel and I are getting tired of each other—at least, she wants to get home to her babies, and I really cannot expect her to keep me company much longer. She has been here nearly three weeks, and there is not anyone else I care to ask. So you see, dear, I want you to come home soon. Then there is another reason, too, why I want you. About a fortnight ago (and all this I told you in my wasted letter!) our dear pretty goose of a mother came to see me. It sounds horrible to write like this of one's parents, but, much as we love her, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that she is frivolous and silly, and I have barely patience with her. She has dyed her hair again—it is a sort of golden bronze this time—and she wears higher heels and is more conspicuous-looking every time I see her. She wanted me to admire her boots; a fair-sized mouse could with ease, and perhaps even on its hind legs, walk under the instep. I could not, and I ventured a little remonstrance, and then—well, you know her way. She thought it rather hard that she should be dictated to by her own daughter, and that when everyone else was so kind, and her husband adored her, and when since her second marriage she did not even ask us to live with her, she thought it was not unreasonable to expect to be allowed to dress as she pleased, and "Theophilus," she said, always liked her taste in dress, and "Theophilus" was a good judge. I might have said that our worthy stepfather was an old-dunce, but I refrained, and presently she cheered up wonderfully, and after a time out came the secret of her visit. "Theophilus," it appears, does not approve of gambling, but when mother was at Monte Carlo she made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Vereker, who persuaded her to play, and by some wonderful fluke our mother actually broke the bank! There, Percy, does not that take your breath away? Well, what does she do then but invest the whole of the money in diamonds! Now she is afraid to carry them about with her, and as "Theophilus" knows nothing about them, and as she was passing through London, she brought them here for you to take charge of them for her. They are in the house now, and it makes me nervous. So I wish you would come home soon. I wanted to put them in the bank, but for some reason or other she would not hear of it. I never saw such stones. They are magnificent. Mr. Vereker, the lady's husband, helped her to choose them. If mother had been wise, she would have told General Bedford (I cannot call him Papa!) all about it, and invested the money. However, she did not, and there it is. In my former letter I told you all this. Mother and General Bedford have gone up to Scotland. I have lots more to say, but Ethel is waiting for me to go to the Academy. The pictures are not so very bad. There are one or two on which I want your opinion. And now, darling Percy, good-bye.

"Ever your loving sister,
"JEAN HANBURY."

"P.S.—The Smiths in the flat below us have let it at last. It is taken for a month at ten guineas a week. They go to Boulogne on Friday, and the lady who has taken it comes in on Monday. Otherwise we are all as you left us."

"I will go home to-morrow," said Percy to himself. "Fancy the little mother breaking the bank!"

And the wind rose, and there blew a hurricane, and the waves broke upon the shore, and threw the salt spray high, so that sometimes the drops were dashed against the windows of the room where Percy lay trying to sleep.

But sleep came late, for his head was full of the events of the day; and when at length it closed his eyes, he thought he was in the Casino at Monte Carlo, and Princess Poppæa, covered with diamonds, was playing a winning game.

* * * * * *

Percy Hanbury was not the only person whose attention had been attracted by the appearance of the Princess Poppæa.

A man of ordinary enough aspect who had been loitering about the quay and watching the people land was so much struck by it that he hurried off to Dover station, took a ticket for London, and entered the next compartment to that in which were seated the Princess and her maid.

He leant out of the window and appeared intent upon calling the attention of the newspaper boy.

By the time he had achieved his object the train was moving. As long as he could see him he stared at Percy Hanbury, who stood on the platform with the card in his hand, and then he drew in his head and made himself very comfortable in the cushions.

If Percy could have looked into the compartment where the Princess sat, possibly his rest that night might have been still later deferred and his dreams more complex.

He would have seen Virginie come over from the far corner and plant herself unceremoniously beside the Princess, and, if he had been near, it would assuredly have surprised him to have heard the conversation which ensued.

"No wonder you're not lucky at cards, Poppy, for at everything else your luck is marvellous! Wonderful! What beginning could have been better? You pose as a mystic at once."

That was perhaps a curious way for a maid to address a Princess.

"I was astonished myself. It was extraordinary."

"How on earth did you recognise him?"

"That was not so wonderful as that he was there to be recognized," said Princess Poppæa. "We'll have a lobster and some champagne to-night on the strength of it!"

And that, perhaps, was an odd way for a Princess to speak to her maid.

And when the proposed little supper was taking place in Princess Poppæa's room at the Metropole, the man who had travelled from Dover in the next compartment to hers was consulting his note-book in a bedroom at the same hotel, and on the same floor, while the spray was being dashed up against Percy's window.

In the flat in Emperor's Mansions, Miss Hanbury, having carefully seen that the diamonds lay safely in their velvet-case, went to bed.

"If Percy had reached Dover when my letter got there, I am sure he will be home to-morrow."

And with pleasant thoughts she went to sleep. Sure enough he turned up the next day.

"How nice it is to have you back again, you dear old boy!" cried his sister, as she put her arms round his neck and kissed him. "And what a sunburnt fellow it is! Let me see, is there any other change? You have curled up the ends of your moustache. They must come down! There—like that."

"Indeed, they shan't, Jean! Nothing of the sort. What a conservative you are! You are like all women—never let any of your men-kind make the least alteration in their appearance—would you, John, eh, would you?" and, with a brotherly love of teasing, he twisted her arm, and, holding her pretty, laughing face, he kissed her between each sentence.

"You bear, Percy! My arm! Oh! Let me go! And I won't be called John. Oh, but I will, I will—anything, you old darling, now I have got you back again!"

"Where's Ethel?" asked Hanbury, giving the arm a final twist, and releasing it.

"Gone home," said Jean. "Look at my wrist, you savage—the marks of your horrid fingers! She started this morning at ten o'clock. Jack has taken it upon himself, in his mother's absence, to develop measles, and so off Ethel had to go. Now tell me all about yourself. But wait a minute; I will tell Parks to let us have lunch at once."

A few minutes later they were sitting in the snug dining-room, discussing a sufficiently tempting repast.

"Well, in the first place, John, I am in love."

"You are not!" cried Jean.

"I am, I tell you," said her brother. "Complexion a little pale but exquisite; teeth magnificent; hair glorious; figure neat, tall, well developed; eyes—by Jove, what eyes——!"

"Percy, stop! Don't tease me. You are not in earnest! Alter your appearance every day—curl your moustache up, wax it, cut it off—shave your head—do anything—anything you like but fall in love! Dear old Percy, I want to live with you always, and housekeep for you. Oh, of course, you will marry, but not yet, dear. Give me a few more years."

"You dear little goose!" cried Hanbury, laughing. "Who is talking of marrying? I said I was in love. Why, the two things are totally different. Nobody ever marries for love nowadays. We fall in love after marriage, you unsophisticated one, with somebody else's wife!"

"You are frivolous," said Miss Hanbury, "and I was in earnest."

"But so am I," said Percy.

"Then who is this—this person?" asked Miss Hanbury.

"Ah, that is what you want to know!" cried Percy. "I wish you would tell Parks not to put so much salt in this anchovy stuff. By the bye," he added, jumping up, "I knew there was something I want to ask you about. The diamonds! Where are they? Let me see them."

"Anchovy toast is naturally salt," said Jean, standing up for the cook and her own housekeeping. "If you want to see mother's diamonds, come along."

She led the way into her own room. She unlocked a drawer in a wardrobe and took out a leather case.

"There," she said. She raised the neat cover.

Percy gave an exclamation of astonishment and admiration.

"Did you ever see anything so magnificent?" said Jean. "Look at the size, and the cutting!"

She took out a superb necklace as she spoke, and laid it on her knee.

"And that is not all," she went on, taking out a tray from the case and displaying fresh beauties. "Look at these bracelets and this brooch. And here is a spray for the hair. When mother showed them to me, I was dumb with admiration. Fancy their being all hers, Percy, and fancy her breaking the bank!"

"Good gracious, Jean!" cried Percy, "they are fit for crown jewels. I never saw such stones. Poor little mother! I don't wonder that she was afraid to carry them about with her. They are magnificent. That Mr. Vereker must have been a pretty good judge."

"I will look them up again now," said Jean, "and I want you to keep the key. It makes me nervous, so you take it, will you, Percy?"

"Very well," said her brother, and he put the key into his pocket.

"Now tell me you were joking about being in love," pleaded Jean.

"I can't tell you that," said Percy; "but, if you like, I will tell you all about it, and then you can judge whether I have seen enough of the lady for my case to be serious."

He related then his experience of the day before.

"The extraordinary part of it was her knowing my name. Do you believe in clairvoyance, Jean?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Hanbury earnestly.

"Well—well, I think I do," said her brother.

Jean frowned a little.

"There was something different about her from anyone else I have ever seen; and there came such an odd look into her eyes when she spoke of the astral light. If not by occult means, how do you account for her knowing my name?"

"I do not account for it. It was a trick of some sort. And what is this wonderful being's name?"

"Princess Poppæa——"

"Not Rowenska!" cried Jean.

"Princess Poppæa Rowenska," answered Percy in surprise.

There was silence for a moment. Then Miss Hanbury spoke.

"The lady who has taken the Smiths' flat!" she said.

CHAPTER III.

"DID I not say Auf wiedersehen?" cried the Princess.

It was a few days after the events of the last chapter, and Percy Hanbury, running upstairs to his own domains, had met Princess Poppæa as, with her maid, she emerged from the lift at her landing. She was in evening dress, and an opera cloak lay lightly on her shoulders.

"It is extraordinary," said Percy; "I did not think to have the pleasure of seeing you again so soon."

"You round your sentences prettily," said the Princess. "But what do you find extraordinary? Do you not know that there is no such thing as Coincidence? or rather that what you of the outer life call 'Coincidence' is in reality only the effect of a great code of laws vast as those which make the sun to give light, or the earth to turn on its axis? Watch the trivial matters of your life and see if the very fact of the recurrence of what you call 'Coincidence' does not prove by its frequency that some hidden power is at work. I could tell you strange things. Ah, Mr. Hanbury, life unexplained by the inner light is full of mystery."

She drew off her gloves and put out her hand.

"Good night," she said, turning full upon him her luminous eyes.

The pupils were distended to the golden rings.

"It is late. I have been to the theatre and I am tired. But to-morrow?"

"My sister would be charmed to make your acquaintance," said Percy, with more politeness than truth. "If you would allow ——"

"I have been feeling the loneliness of a crowd," said Princess Poppea with her pretty accent, "but I see that you are kind in your great London. How I shall be pleased to be presented to Miss Hanbury! Perhaps you will come in to five o'clock tea with me? Yes? I am glad. Once more, good night!"

Percy ran up very lightly to his own flat.

"John?"

"Yes."

"Are you asleep?"

"No, come in."

And Percy went in. He sat down on the edge of his sister's bed.

"I want you to do something for me, please."

"What is it?"

"I want you to come and call to-morrow on Princess Rowenska."

Jean Hanbury had anticipated this. She was wise in her generation.

"Very well, Percy."

"You are a good little girl," said her brother, "and I will kiss you if you like, and notwithstanding your kind permission I will in no way mutilate my appearance—and you shall housekeep for me for years to come."

"Please Heaven, Percy," said Jean.

The next day Miss Hanbury and her brother descended the great stone stairs at Emperor's Mansions to the flat below their own.

The Princess was playing the piano, and she rose as they were announced. Young Hanbury made the necessary introduction, and Princess Poppea said:

"But it is so kind of you to take pity on me, Miss Hanbury. I was saying to Mr. Hanbury yesterday there is no solitude like that of being alone in a crowd, and your London is big for me."

"And you are alone in town?" said Miss Hanbury.

"Alone," answered the Princess.

As she spoke she leant over towards one of the many little tables that crowded the room, and took up a rice-paper fan. Perhaps she felt Miss Hanbury's eyes on her, for Jean was examining her critically. Princess Poppea wore a loose robe of gold-colored Indian silk.

As she sat on a low divan this fell gracefully round her. Her face was white to-day, and, by contrast, her eyes looked very dark. She moved them restlessly.

"And do you make a long stay?" asked Miss Hanbury presently.

As she said this she glanced round the room to see whether, in any way, the individuality of its new mistress had made itself felt.

Yes, there were changes she observed. One or two more pictures had been hung on the walls. Some bowls of long-stalked lilies stood on the tables.

Lengths of quaint oriental drapery had been thrown across a chair here, a sofa there.

The piano stood with its back to the room, and nestled in a bank of palm plants. There had come with the Princess a general sense of color.

"She has taste," was Miss Hanbury's comment, "but she is a Bohemian."

"I cannot say," said Princess Poppea in answer to Jean's question. "It was made plain to me that I was to come, and it will be revealed to me at what time I shall return. Do I seem to you to speak very strangely?"

The Princess turned to Percy.

"You must forgive me if at times I forget that I am no longer with those who possess knowledge of hidden things. I would I might teach you. There is much to learn, and it seemed to me that perhaps I startled you when I confronted you with your name last week at Dover. I will try not to ever again."

A servant brought in tea. The Princess performed her duties prettily, and the conversation turned off easily to trivialities, the theatres, books, the pictures of the year.

The visit came very smoothly to an end.

"Well?" said Percy as Jean and he entered their own rooms.

"Well," said Jean.

"What do you think of her?"

"I think she is beautiful, brilliant, and—a humbug!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BOOK-AGENT in New York has the odd name of Ioor.

The Dancer.

BY H. D.

"I SAY, old man," said Harry Kimberly to his friend, Jack Wainwright, "what a divinity she is, to be sure! Ye gods! Her face! Her form!"

The curtain had just risen in a well-known Strand theatre, upon a ballet, and the "premiere danseuse" posing prominently in the foreground, had called forth this exclamation.

"I must meet her," replied his companion, who had been gazing raptly at her, "by some means, for I have dreamed of just such a face as that often and often, and I feel that she is my fate!"

Kimberly laughed as loud as he dared; then he said—

"Oh, Wainwright, so you are caught in the toils of love at last! You, the bored, blase, wearied man of the world, son of the proud Madame Wainwright, who can date back to George the First—you in love with a ballet girl! By Jove! it must go into the fashionable intelligence column of the *Post*."

And he laughed again.

Then his friend broke out hotly, "I don't care who she is, or what she is! I love her, and meet her I must and shall. But let us drop the subject."

"Willingly," answered Kimberly. "But first tell me, old man, if you should marry this pretty member of the corps de ballet, what would Miss Raemy, to whom you were betrothed at her birth, say?"

"Miss Raemy I have never seen, and it is absurd to think of binding a fellow like that at the tender age of three years. And though my parents do desire this connection, I will marry none but her whom I have seen to-night."

"Ah, well"—and his friend sighed—"go your way! But, Jack, we have always been friends, and I have only sought to influence you for your own good, so forgive me if I have said too much."

The warm heart of Wainwright was touched.

"No more apologies, for I was wrong to take offence so quickly."

With this the two separated, Kimberly to go back to his club, and Wainwright to haunt the stage door until his fair inamorata should appear.

She soon came out, and sprang quickly into a hired cab which was waiting.

Wainwright jumped into another, and ordered the driver to keep close behind the one ahead.

To his surprise, the carriage he was following stopped in front of a palatial West End mansion, where a banker of large fortune lived.

Here the fair unknown left her cab, which drove away at once.

Suddenly she screamed, and Wainwright had time only to see that a ruffian, attracted by the glitter of her diamonds, was trying to get them, before he sprang to her assistance, and disabled the man with a few well-aimed blows.

When he turned to ask if she were hurt, she tremulously thanked him for his timely aid with tears in her beautiful eyes, and then ran into the house.

When the butler had closed the heavy hall doors, Wainwright remained standing on the pavement, rubbing his eyes, and wondering if it were all a dream.

But no! there was his cab waiting.

He paid and dismissed the driver, and then turned homeward, trying to unravel the mystery.

What could the premiere danseuse of the theatre be doing at Mr. Raemy's splendid mansion?

It was too much for him, and he gave it up.

But that night dreams of fair-haired, blue-eyed ballet girls disturbed his rest, and left him, the next day, longing for evening to come that he might go to the theatre, and see his beautiful unknown again.

But he was doomed to bitter disappointment, and it was the same every night that week.

In place of his enslaver was a black-haired, vivacious Frenchwoman, who pirouetted about the stage with more facility, if less grace, than her predecessor.

At last he resolved to end this suspense, and one night boldly sent in his card to Mademoiselle's dressing-room.

He received a courteous summons to enter, and was greeted in voluble French.

He asked Mademoiselle if she could give him any information as to the name and address of the young demoiselle who had taken her place one night.

Jack Wainwright, with his sunny hazel eyes and close-cropped, yellow hair, tall and aristocratic, was very hard to resist, and certainly this little Frenchwoman could not long withstand the tender glances and delicate homage which he so well knew how to bestow, and under promise of strictest secrecy she revealed the whole.

She had been maid to her dear young lady some years ago, until she learned the fortune her feet might give her, and went on the stage.

Even then she was sort a of a companion to her former mistress, who looked upon her as a friend, on account of her untiring devotion.

Now her young lady had been away to school for some years, and when she got back to London went the very first day to see her.

She found her almost prostrated with a severe attack of headache, but not daring to forfeit her engagement at the theatre, for she was dependent upon the salary for the support of herself and little girl.

When her young lady saw her friend in such a condition, she proposed a plan which at first quite stunned poor Mademoiselle by its audacity.

This was to go to the theatre in Mademoiselle's place, and put to some use the talent which she had for dancing, and which Mademoiselle had cultivated thoroughly. She had even taught her, as luck would have it, the very dances that were used that night.

After repeated entreaties, during which excitement Mademoiselle's headache grew steadily worse, she at last yielded, and the rest we know.

Such was the story Jack Wainwright heard, and then he asked her name. Was destiny, after all, at work in this? The name he heard was "Pauline Raemy," that of the girl whom he had so distinctly said he would not marry.

All that was changed now, however, and it was with a happy heart that he heard, when he reached home, of the dinner his mother would give that night to introduce her son to his affianced.

It seemed to him she would never come. But at last Miss Raemy was announced, and she entered, more beautiful than ever, to the expectant lover, in a black lace dinner dress, whose low neck and short sleeves showed the whiteness of her skin.

To him was given the honor of taking her in, and oh, how little attention he paid to those delicious pates and truffles that would have delighted the souls of so many epicures.

After dinner was finished, leaving our friend Jack more in love than before, his mother considerately asked her son to show Miss Raemy the conservatory.

Seated in a remote corner, by a splashing fountain, Miss Raemy suddenly broke the silence that had fallen upon them.

"Mr. Wainwright,"—and her face was suffused with blushes—"I have not yet thanked you for your goodness in saving me from that horrible man, and afterwards for not mentioning the occurrence here to-night. And I cannot do so, as I would. But——"

"Do not speak of it, Pauline—may I call you that?"

And then he could contain himself no longer, and he broke forth passionately—

"Pauline, forgive me for speaking so soon, but I must tell you how I love you, how I worship you, and oh! I beg that you will not refuse me hope, for you are the first woman for whom I have ever cared; and do not consider me presumptuous on our short acquaintance, for telling you how you have taken my heart by storm."

He looked at her imploringly. She did not raise her eyes, but said—

"Oh, Mr. Wainwright, you do not know what you are saying, for the very night when you saved me I had done something for which I shall always be ashamed; and if you knew, you could never say ——"

"That I love you? Ay, I could, and do say it, for I know to what you refer. Dearest, I loved you from the moment I saw your sweet face at that theatre; and as you did not come after that, I at last sought out her whose place you had taken, and she told me all. Now will you tell me if I may hope a little that some day you will like me enough to marry me?"

"Yes, Jack," she whispered, so low that he must needs bend his head to hear; and then she said, very shyly, "It will not be so very hard, for I think I love you already."

"Bless you, my darling, for those words! And, please God, you shall never repent them!"

And he gathered her close in his arms, and their lips met in a kiss that sealed their betrothal.

* * * * * * *

Three months after, all fashionable London went to the wedding.

And as Mr. Harry Kimberly went up to congratulate the bride, he said, "But it is too bad that Jack should marry the premiere danseuse."

THE GROWTH OF CHILDREN.—The rate of growth in children varies according to sex. Thus, at the age of eleven and twelve years, boys are larger and heavier than girls; but from that age on the evolution of the girls is more rapid, and they soon overtake the boys and pass them, till the age of fifteen years is reached, when the boys draw ahead again, while the girls remain nearly stationary.

A curious relation has been discovered between the growth of children in stature and in weight. The director of the deaf and dumb institution at Copenhagen, has for three years weighed and measured his pupils daily, and he has observed that their growth does not take place regularly and progressively, but by stages separated by intervals of rest. Weight also increases by periods after intervals of equilibrium. While the weight is increasing, the stature remains nearly stationary, and vice versa. The maximum of increase of stature corresponds with a period of minimum augmentation of weight. The vital forces do not appear to work on both sides at once. These variations are subject to the influence of the seasons. During autumn and early winter, the child accumulates weight, while his stature increases slowly; but during spring, stature receives a veritable push, while weight increases but little. Some local habits have an influence on the stature. Another observer has remarked that many Roman girls had deformed vertebral columns, or were a little hump-backed, and found that it was the result of popular belief prevailing in Rome that parents could promote the growth of their children by punching them in the back.

Scientific and Useful.

BRONZED STEEL.—It is said that steel may be bronzed by covering it with olive oil and exposing it to the steam of a kettle of boiling water.

IVORY.—To polish ivory, rub first with fine glass-paper, and then with a piece of wet linen cloth dipped in powdered pumice-stone. The final polish may be produced by washed chalk or fine whiting applied with a piece of cloth wetted with soapsuds.

TIMING SPEED.—A Hartford man has invented an apparatus for timing horses. A clock with three hands—minute, second, and quarter-second—is started by the official timer. When the winning horse touches the wire the clock is stopped by electricity. At the same instant the current opens a camera, which photographs the horse and the clock face.

STONE TYPE.—An inventor has completed experiments which, he claims, show the practicability of making stone type of large size as a substitute for wood letters. The material is an artificial stone, pressed into molds and then hardened, afterward being polished on the surface. There will be no warping and no expansion or contraction, and each font will be exactly the same as that preceding.

COKE BRICKS.—The coke-dust at gas factories is usually regarded as being almost a waste product, but some gas companies are utilizing it in a remunerative manner. The dust is washed, and afterwards mixed with tar and pitch in such proportions that, when moulded, it will retain a solid form. These *briquettes* are then sold for fuel. Coal-dust has for years been utilized in this way, but coke *briquettes* are new.

BLACK WALNUT.—A most remarkable imitation of black walnut has lately been manufactured from poor pine, the quality and appearance of the article being such as to defy detection, except upon very close examination. To accomplish this one part of walnut peel extract is mixed with six parts of water, and with this solution the wood is coated. When the material is half dry a solution of bichromate of potash with water is rubbed on it, and the made walnut is ready for use.

THE WEATHER.—It has lately been pointed out that the banner of steam given off by locomotives may be regarded as a hygrometer or detector of the amount of moisture in the air. If the atmosphere be already saturated or nearly saturated with water, and rain may therefore be looked for, the steam from the chimney is seen to hover in an uncertain manner over the train, and will sometimes form a cloud one hundred feet long or more behind the moving cars. In dry weather, on the other hand, the steam rapidly disappears, and in some instances is so quickly drank up by the thirsty air as to make no visible cloud at all.

Farm and Garden.

HINTS.—It has been claimed that 40 per cent. of corn fodder is wasted by feeding it whole as compared with cutting it.——A painted fence around the yard will last longer than an unpainted one and look better at the same time.

TREES.—To protect trees from the girdling of mice, wrap a piece of two-ply tarred paper around the tree and replace the earth. For peach trees ordinary pasteboard is better, as coal tar or any of the products of petroleum is sometimes injurious.

CEMENT FLOORS.—Cement floors are not rat-proof unless pounded glass be mixed with the cement before the laying of the floor. The ordinary glass slag from glass factories is excellent for the purpose, and will cost but little, as it is usually thrown away as refuse.

CONDITION POWDERS.—The principal constituent of nearly all condition powders is fenugreek. It is a very cheap substance, and may be procured at any drug store. A small quantity in the cut food three times a week is an excellent appetizer, and as it is harmless there is no danger in its use. A tablespoonful is sufficient for a horse or a cow.

SWINE.—Many swine-breeders regard a solid earth floor the best for a pig-pen. It must be high enough to be readily drained, so as to be dry at all times. It is also customary with some breeders to remove from six to eight inches of these earth floors every spring, drawing the manure-soaked earth to the fields and renewing the floors with fresh earth.

CABBAGE.—South of Pennsylvania cabbages are kept in winter by being placed in rows, the heads close together and the roots in the ground, the rows being so close that all the heads form a covering to the ground, there being no space between them. Over the heads are placed leaves, straw, and cornstalks. As the cabbages are required they are cut off from the stalks, which are left in the ground to throw out sprouts for early greens in the spring.

NUT-BEARING.—It has been demonstrated that nut-bearing trees can be made to pay more than the interest on the value of the land occupied during growth, as well as to return a larger profit at the end of twenty-five years in timber than could have been made on such land in regular crops. When a farmer has more land than he can cultivate, he would find it to his advantage to plant a grove of walnuts, chestnuts, or some other valuable wood or nut-bearing trees.

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The End of Things.

Poets and romancers have been hard upon autumn. Dreary pictures have been drawn for us of "chill October" and 'suicidal November," with their bare tree-trunks, leaden skies and general air of desolation.

Without doubt there is something melancholy in the fall of the leaf. It betokens the end of something, and human-kind—callous, even pachydermatous as it can be upon occasion—feels involuntary sadness about endings. Who ever finishes a pleasant book without a sigh of regret—sometimes even a sob of sorrow? An accustomed occupation is abandoned or resigned to others with the same sense of dislocation that one feels in putting aside the book which has become a friendly companion.

Thus it is that, when the autumn leaves do "strow the brooks in Vallambrosa," an involuntary sadness creeps over us as we gaze across the dull gray landscape. Autumn is the year's old age, and though there be something that is chill and lifeless about it, as there often is about old age, there is yet the same tender charm in the gradual and natural decay of the year that one often sees in the closing years of a happy and righteous old age.

The seasons of the year and the lives of men are full of parallels, as the moralists and preachers of all ages have not failed to point out. It is natural enough that autumn, treading rapidly, as it often does, upon the heels of golden summer, should sadden human-kind; yet, after all, what is there more beautiful in life than the season of falling leaves?

There is something about an autumn day in the country which soothes and softens wondrously. The brilliant tints of summer have melted into a soft harmony of gray and russet; the blues, the greens, the crimsons, the golden yellows have faded; the vivid contrasts are gone, and the neutral tints, which are the distinguishing charm of Northern lands, give their tone to the landscape.

The autumn of the year is a reflective time, like the autumn of life. It is a season for counting up—not the casting up of commerce, the striking of averages, and the carrying forward of balances, but the harvest of a quiet eye, the blind man's holiday of the closing year.

He who loves the seasons loves nature, and the love of nature is part of that natural religion which is implanted and inherent. Autumn, indeed, is not the only division of the year which gives us material for reflection. The seasons are full of suggestion to those who can read the lessons of earth and sky. The frosts of winter, the buds of spring, the perfumed breezes of summer, are each as morally educative as the grays of autumn.

That king, who impiously said that had he been consulted at the Creation he could have suggested several improvements, would have been puzzled to invent a fifth season, or to endow the existing ones with a fresh charm.

The feeling which causes people to dislike autumn is akin to that which makes us fearful of death. "I detest autumn; everything is so cold and damp!" we say, and we gather our cloaks about us with a shiver.

Death is dreaded as much because it is the end of things as because we know not that which follows it. The falling of the leaves betokens the end of the year's joyousness. The rosy cheek pales and the smile dies away.

Yet, although the seasons have a general likeness, the separate days which are their units show infinite diversity. The days follow each other, and resemble not. No two days are ever exactly alike, even as there is some difference between the most similar faces.

It is probable—albeit it is one of those things which can never be demonstrated—that there never were two exactly similar days. The clouds have a different hue, or they lie lower, or the wind has veered a point. How like is all this to the days of a man's life! The parallel is so close that it boots not to follow it further.

To the reflective mind, this whole matter of endings is a sad one. It is curious to speculate how, had there been no death in nature, men would have looked upon the finishing of things. Perhaps the absence of that great mystic stop would have changed all the aspects of life. Undoubtedly there are endings in life when it is a hymn of rejoicing that is sung instead of the accustomed elegy.

Most men, we fancy, are glad to be at the end of their courtship, although women are apt to cast lingering glances behind. The paying of the last debt of a burdensome series causes no sentimental regrets because of the process being finished. The youth feels no sorrow at leaving school; he is eager to be out in the world, and to experience its sweets at first-hand. The stern "It is finished," which will meet him at every turn, he knows nothing of.

It is a wasted or a mis-spent life whose autumn comes too soon, or is repulsive and unlovely. As the fall of the year is the calmest and most touching of the seasons, so should the decline of life be the loveliest and the sweetest of the seven ages of man.

QUALITY, not quantity, is the thing that determines the perfectness of a life. And like as in northern lands, where there is only a week or two from the melting of the snow to the cutting of the hay, the whole harvest of life may be gathered in a very little space, and all be done which is needed to make life complete. Has your life this completeness? Can you be "satisfied" with it because the river of the flowing hours bore down some grain of gold amidst the mass of mud, and, notwithstanding many sins and failures, you have thus fulfilled the end of your being, that you are in some measure trusting and serving Heaven?

THERE is as much danger of hurting the brain by idleness as by overwork. Intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which some persons spend their lives. Under such conditions the brain gradually loses its health, and, although equal to the demands of a routine existence, is unable to stand the strain of sudden emergency. So, when a load of work is unexpectly thrown on it in its unprepared state, the worst consequences of what may be called overwork show themselves. Similarly a man accustomed to sedentary pursuits is liable to be physically injured by taking suddenly to violent exercise.

THE moment you can make a very simple discovery, viz., that obligation to God is your privilege and is not imposed as a burden, your experience will teach you many things—that duty is liberty, that repentance is a release from sorrow, that sacrifice is gain, that humility is dignity, that the truth from which you hide is a healing element that bathes your disordered life, and that even the penalties and terrors of God are the artillery only of protection to His realm.

THE virtues which are in the mind of man, although they are each conceived differently, are no ways separated from one another, so that whosoever should be equal in fortitude, for instance, would be equal in prudence too and temperance and justice. For if you should say that two are equal in fortitude, but that the one excels in prudence, it follows that the fortitude of the other is less prudent; and so they are not equal in fortitude either, since the fortitude of the one is more prudent. And so you will find as to the other virtues, if you go over them with the same consideration.

IF you meet with a determined and brutish wickedness, which admonition is only likely more and more to infuriate both against yourself and against your God, then deal not out your admonition, but reserve it for a more promising season. For if the duty of brotherly reproof is based on charity, it ought never to be given unless there be greater probability of its being beneficial than of its being injurious, for that indeed were a strange charity which should persist in administering physic when there was good reason to suppose that it would operate as a poison.

THE necessity of carefulness in life may be argued from three facts: First, the corrupting influences of social life; secondly, the agency of tempting spirits: the great arch-tempter has millions of tempting spirits under his command: they all work insiduously, skilfully, persistently; thirdly, the remaining depravity of our own nature; in the best of men in this life some elements of depravity remain more or less powerful. These are the tinder for the devil's fire, a fulcrum for the devil's lever. Hence be careful.

LEAVES seem light and useless, and idle and wavering, and changeable,—they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In doing so He has given us a lesson: not to deny the stout-heartedness within because we see the lightsomeness without.

THE failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a well-deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues praise; such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

PROGRESS in excellence of goodness is shown in the increasing dominion of the spirit over the flesh, in that it becomes easier to us to overcome ourselves, also to gain the victory over besetting sins, even over our special weaknesses.

Do not have one code of maxims for profession and one for practice, and make up your consciences as the Neapolitans do their beds, with one set of furniture for show and another for use.

THE integrity of the heart, when it is strengthened by reason, is the principal source of justice and wit; an honest man thinks nearly always justly.

IF strict justice be not the rudder of all our other virtues, the faster we sail, the farther we shall find ourselves from that haven where we would be.

IT is not so much the years we have spent as the use we have made of them, that will count when our life-work is reckoned up.

THERE are nettles everywhere, but smooth green grasses are more common still. The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

WE may train ourselves in a habit of patience and contentment on the one hand, or of grumbling and discontent on the other.

THE generous who is always just, and the just who is always generous, may, unannounced, approach the throne of Heaven.

ONE of the original tendencies of the human mind, fundamental and universal, is the love of other people's private affairs.

EDUCATION should be a training of all the faculties to detect their own needs and grasp their proper sustenance.

The World's Happenings.

Incombustible lace is a new thing from France.

A San Diego, Cal., Chinaman, just dead, left $500,000.

A mushroom pie is the latest delicacy recommended to vegetarians.

In Key West a rabid goat bit a man, a mule, a horse and several dogs.

A priest's skull cap is black, a Cardinal's is red, and the Pope's is white.

Asbestos cloth is being used for wearing apparel by the firemen of Paris.

A fox was caught napping near Pulaski, Mich. He was run over by the cars and killed.

Pittsburg is going to have a hospital for sick horses, 200 acres of land having been leased for that purpose.

They have been counting up in New York and they find 40 Jews in that city with over $1,000,000 each.

An Omaha man has been confined to his bed for five weeks by a bite on the wrist of a common black spider.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York, it is said, has not appointed any relative, partner, or personal follower to office.

Surgery in Persia is practiced only by barbers and Jews, the former of whom are also dentists and bone-setters.

Fried mice for whooping-cough once formed a very popular treatment in England, and in some districts do still.

There is a Georgia colonel who is suing the railroads for being ejected from a car specially set apart for negroes.

It is reported that a being with a face that is half man and half dog lives near Oil City, Pa. He or it goes upon all fours.

A show of trained wolves, which go through the same tricks as are commonly taught to dogs, is delighting London little folks.

Earl Compton, heir to the marquisate of Northampton, is an ardent worker in the slums of London, and a sympathiser with Socialism.

The art of papermaking has reached a point where a growing tree may be cut down, made into paper, and turned out as a newspaper, all within 36 hours.

John Bright, the eminent Quaker statesman of Great Britain, has written a letter to an English provincial newspaper strongly condemning church fairs.

A St. Louis nonagenarian, F. Geuell, now some days in his coffin, used to shake his cane at a $25,000,000 plot of ground once offered to him for ten silver dollars.

With a watch case, the edges of which he sharpened, a prisoner in Chicago shaved off his moustache, but failed in his chief object—that of hiding his identity.

A railroad station agent at Dunkirk, N. Y., in his leisure time has whittled out of 250 pieces of wood a perfect model of a locomotive and tender. He was five months on the job.

A man was instantly killed near Lowell, Mass., recently, while walking on a railroad track upon returning from a cemetery, where he had gone to arrange for his wife's funeral.

Corpulent persons who desire to avail themselves of the opportunity can now patronize a London restaurant in which nothing but dishes prepared on the anti-fat plan are served.

The clown has been gradually fading out as a circus attraction, until now the proprietor of "one of the big shows" announces his intention to drop him entirely from the programme next season.

In some parts of Germany perch are caught and carried alive to market, sometimes a distance of 40 or 50 miles, and, if not sold, brought back to their tank or pond to await another occasion for sale.

A New York thief, who followed and abstracted from an express wagon a valuable package the other day at Cleveland, Ohio, was killed a few moments later by a locomotive, in front of which he attempted to cross.

A constable of Tyrone, Pa., is enforcing an ordinance of that borough requiring all boys to be at their homes not later than 8 P. M. Some urchins have been put into the lock-up for not complying with the law.

"Two ghosts," who caused a sensation among the residents near a cemetery in Lancaster, one night recently, by running over graves and about tombstones, were captured by the police, and proved to be two boys.

In Italy turkeys are now fattened with walnuts. Thirty days before the turkey is to be killed one walnut is stuffed down his throat; each day he is given an additional walnut, and on the 29th day he has 29 walnuts. He is then immensely fat.

A Bridgeport, Conn., man presented at a bank another's check for $24. The maker of the check had only $23.37 on deposit, and the bank refused to cash the check. Then the man with the check deposited 63 cents to the other man's credit, again presented the check and got the money.

Leroy Brown, an elderly man, was playing with a pet kitten at his home near the railroad track in Homer, N. Y., one day last week. The kitten jumped from his arms and ran across the track. Mr. Brown started in pursuit, and was struck by an express train and hurled 30 feet upon an embankment. His neck was broken and he died almost instantly.

A missionary to the Indians in British Columbia took a keg of whisky and poured it over the grass in the presence of the young people. It destroyed all the herbage. The chief then told them that just as it burned the grass it would burn them if they drank it. This experiment has become a yearly ceremony with the Indians, and there has been very little trouble with the liquor question since.

BEFORE I GO.

BY W. W. LONG.

Out in the world's fierce battles,
I must wander away from you, sweet;
To the din of life's wild conflict,
Where the strong and weak doth meet.
But you in your quiet home-life,
Where buds of purity glow,
Will nestle safe from the rude strife—
Then kiss me before I go.

At eve, by the warm, red firelight,
Pictures of peace you will see:
Painted by the unseen Master,
Visions of beauty to thee.
But the sound of my falling footstep,
'Neath the young moon's silver glow,
You'll hear no more at your cottage door—
Then kiss me before I go.

We've come where the path divides us,
Mine lies in shadows of night;
Yours in home-life's holy bowers,
Stretches broad and fair and bright.
Oh, sweet, in this hour of parting,
This sorrowful home of woe,
Let your red lips, warm and tender,
Kiss me before I go.

Dead Man's Door.

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

DON'T break an old man's heart, Ned! I know my Nell has a liking for you: but there's that on your character which makes me wish her dead rather than she should take up with you. She doesn't know, poor girl; she thinks you're all that you told her you are; but you know what I mean, and I ask you, as your own father might, to leave me and mine alone, and to promise not to take any more notice of her. Will you promise it, Ned?"

"Promise you, you old fool!" he replied; "promise not to speak to the prettiest girl on the island! Not I; no, not for fifty fathers! Why should I? The girl likes me and I like her, and as to my character—why, there's plenty worse than I am about."

"You'll break my heart! you'll break my heart!" I said; "but see," I added eagerly, as a sudden thought struck me—"see lad, see: I have money—a few hundreds—enough to buy you a share in one of the boats. Tell me you'll leave this island, and won't meddle with my Nell any more, and you shall have it all, every halfpenny. Is it a bargain, Ned?"

"A bargain?" he said angrily, as he shook off the hand that was grasping his arm. "No, it isn't a bargain. I mean to have the girl, father or no father; and what's more, I'm going up to the cottage to call for her now. So the sooner you stop palavering, and get out of my way, the better."

"And I tell you you shall not have her!" I almost shrieked; "I won't allow you to put foot inside my door this night; so be warned in time, for it's a dangerous thing to trifle with a desperate man."

"And who's going to hinder me?" he inquired insolently, as he tried to pass me and take the footpath up the cliff. "Who's going to hinder me? You?"

"Yes," I gasped, almost speechless with passion: "you shall not see my girl to-night, if I have to die for it."

"Come out of my way, you old fool," he said, hurling me on one side as though I were a child. "Come out of my way, and let me pass. I can't stop arguing with you when pretty Nell's waiting up yonder for me."

I was an old man and feeble, but my blood was up, and I sprang at him like a madman, seizing him by the throat and striving to thrust him backward. I might as well have attempted to move a mountain, for he tore my hand away, as though it were a child's, and, holding me at arm's length, shook me as a terrier shakes a rat, until my very teeth chattered in my head.

I was so infuriated that I clenched my fist until I drove the nails deep into the palm; and I felt as though I could have killed him on the spot, as he stood watching me struggling in his clutches, his great sides shaking with coarse laughter at my puny and impotent efforts.

"Why, you miserable old dotard," he said, with another guffaw, "do you think you can hinder me from doing as I choose?"

So saying he put out his right hand, and, while he held me helplessly with his left, he plucked at my white beard with a mocking laugh, giving me at the same time another shake which seemed to loosen every limb.

I was infuriated before, but now I was maddened—so maddened that I feel what happened was less my own doing than the doing of some devil which possessed me.

As he shook me again something rattled in my pocket, and at the sound a wild gleam of fiendish exultation shot to my heart—an exultation which made me gasp and shrink with the sudden consciousness of a terrible and ghastly vengeance which lay within my reach. I knew what that sound meant. It was the rattling within its sheath of the Spanish stiletto which I had picked up on the beach after that last storm. It was but a tiny toothpick of a toy, but, oh, how true and strong and trusty!

My cowardly captor gave me another shake; there was an insulting guffaw; and then my hand was fumbling in my pocket—I had it, I had it! Yes, I was an old man and feeble, and he had jeered at my impotent struggles—he had plucked at my white beard with a brutal assault—he had ridiculed my piteous entreaty about my daughter!

Yes, I was a weak, powerless old man, and he was big and broad and burly, but that trusty little toy—that toothpick, as he would call it—ah, it was so keen and bright and deadly, and it would wind its way into his great brute heart more surely than the finest Toledo blade! Ah, yes, I had it, I had it! How lovingly I fingered it! I turned it round in my pocket—the handle was in my grasp—now, now, now is the time—strike home, strike home, and to the heart!

Ah, he sees it! He catches at my arm to stay the stroke, but he is too late, too late! Down deep, strike deep! Ah, what have I done? What was that dull heavy thud—that cry which is still ringing in my ears? And there is a dark something stretched at my feet. It is a man, the body of a man. Why does he lie there so still and motionless? It is cold and chill on that damp sand. And look, there is a thin red stream stealing from his breast which the greedy sand laps and licks up hungrily. It is blood, it is blood! O God, and I am a murderer!

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At first I could do nothing, attempt nothing, save stand in dumb, dazed agony, staring with horror-distended eyes at what I had done. But I could not realize my crime. There was a hissing and rushing of thoughts through my brain, like the hissing and rushing of hot iron from a furnace, but they were thoughts which conveyed no meaning to me. They came and went like the wind, and I knew nothing of them.

It was some time before the reality of it all dawned upon me. But I had no leisure to think. I felt that my first step must be to rid myself of the silent witness of my crime, although what to do I knew not. I dared not carry the body up the cliff, and if I hid it in the shifting sand the next tide would inevitably lay bare my ghastly secret.

And then a sudden thought occurred to me. The place where I was standing was called "The Dead Man's Door," on account of a large square block of granite which was firmly embedded in the sand. It marked the most dangerous spot on the island, for at high tide a terrible current was known to set seaward from the point; and so irresistible and fierce was the flow of this current that any object which came within its influence was inevitably carried out to sea in a very few minutes, although at low water any tiro might venture safely near the spot.

The block of granite of which I have spoken jutted out invitingly into the water, and seemed to offer an admirable embarking-place to one who did not know the danger which lay there; and hence the fishermen called it "The Dead Man's Door," as more lives had been lost there than in all the other parts of the island put together. It was to this current that I trusted to conceal my crime.

The boat of the murdered man was drawn up on the sands behind me, and I determined to place the body in it, knowing that, if launched, the little craft would be carried out to sea with its ghastly burden, in the space of a very few minutes.

With averted eyes I stooped and lifted the body into the boat, which I then dragged down and launched. Although the tide was visible on the ebb, the current was still running swiftly, and I had to keep a firm grasp of the rope by which I held the boat in tow.

At last my ghastly task was finished. I knew that in the course of half an hour the witness of my crime would be bore away beyond reach of inquiry, and that, even if the body were picked up before the boat had gone far, none could prove that the murder had been committed on land.

I began to breathe freely again. With calmer hands I turned the prow of the boat seaward, and was just about to let go the rope and cast her adrift, when I saw to my horror, that a letter which I had received that morning, and which bore my name and address in full, was lying in the stern.

It must have fallen out of my pocket when I stooped to place the body in the boat, and I knew that to leave it there would be madness, so I hastily hauled the boat alongside again, and with fingers trembling with nervousness to grasp the missive.

At first I could not reach it, but by a desperate effort I managed to touch the corner of the paper, and twitch it towards me; and then—just as I had it safely in my grasp, and was about to draw myself up again—my foot slipped on the green slime that had coiled and curled its treacherous viper-folds around the granite, and I was hurled headlong upon the body of my victim.

With one wild cry of terror I sprang to my feet and strove to clutch at the fast-receding stone, The Dead Man's Door, but the hungry sea flung itself between with a howl of a malignant triumph—and in another moment the murderer and the murdered, the living and the dead, hemmed in by the narrow circle of a few frail boards, were being swept swiftly away to sea together.

But it was not the danger I was in, not the fear of death, which made me cower and huddle like a stricken animal at the far end of the boat. No, death I dare face; pain, torture, suffering, I could bear—but that still, irresponsive figure, those glazed, horror-stricken eyes, that dropped jaw with the white teeth glittering, and the death-slime still moist on the lips—Ah, God, take it away, take it away!" I shrieked; "cover it, hide it!"—and then by a mighty effort I strove to recover my self-control.

"He is not dead, he is not dead," I said; "it cannot be that I am really a murderer! I am but dreaming. Speak to me, speak to me, Ned, in mercy's sake!"

But the still silent body lay there sullenly responseless; and as if in mockery of my appeal a red, angry sun broke forth from between two livid clouds, and glared down on me like the gash of a gory wound, while a long crimson arrow of light struck upon the breast of the dead man, and lit and lightened the death-darkened eyes with a glare as of hell itself.

I recollect scarcely anything after that, save that a blind panic seized and thrilled me with a fear greater than fear of death itself; I remember one wild moment of hesitation as I stood erect in the boat, and saw the angry waters hissing and leaping around; I can just recall a sudden plunge, a few desperate strokes in the direction of the shore, a greenish haze swimming and swirling around me, and then darkness utter and complete.

When I came to myself I found I was lying in my little coastguard cottage at home, with my daughter Nell sitting by the bedside watching me.

I had a vague consciousness that something dreadful had happened, but Nell refused to let me talk, and insisted upon my going to sleep again. When I awoke it was with a clearer mind, and, as my daughter saw that I was determined to know the truth, she made no further attempt to evade my questions.

"You have been ill a long time—more than six weeks, father dear," she said. "No one knows how it all happened, but you must have had a fit, or fallen into the sea by The Dead Man's Door, for you were picked up for dead by one of the fishing smacks, some way out from land. Can you not recollect anything of it?"

"Yes," I answered slowly, "I think I must have had a fit, or fallen into the water; it is all hazy—but Ned?"

"Ned is all right, father dear, and oh, I am so glad, so glad! All that weary time when we did not know where he was, I thought my heart would break; and I believe that I should have died, had it not been that I knew I must bear up for your sake, if not my own. I love him, oh, so dearly! You cannot think how dearly, You cannot think how dearly, father!"

The past was still vague and blurred, but I had some remembrance of having injured or slighted Ned, although I could not recall the circumstances.

"What has happened to him, Nell?" I whispered. "I do not remember; tell me."

"Almost the same day that you were brought home by the smack, Ned disappeared, and no one knew what had become of him. Charlie Palin saw him land at The Dead Man's Door at low tide, and noticed him pull the boat upon the sand. When he passed the same place some hours after, the boat was gone, and so was Ned, and until yesterday he had never been heard of since."

"And yesterday," I gasped, with parched lips and terror-stricken heart, for the remembrance of that ghasty scene was slowly forcing itself upon me—"yesterday, Nell, yesterday—tell me quickly—what did you hear?"

"I had a letter from Ned himself," she said, drawing it from her pocket; "he has been very ill, but he is getting better now, and will be back in a few months to ask you to consent to my being his wife—and you won't say no, father, dear, will you? For I love him so dearly, so dearly. We're not going far away. Ned says he'll take the cottage on the cliff, so that you won't be lonely; and you'll try and like Ned for my sake, won't you?"

I was dazed and bewildered, and could not answer her for some minutes. "What does Ned say about his—his—illness?" I gasped at last.

"Such a strange adventure, father," she replied." He tried to land at The Dead Man's Door when it was near high tide, and as he was straining very hard at the oar it broke and he fell, and some horrid knife that was lying at the bottom of the boat ran into him, and nearly killed him. He doesn't remember anything more until he found himself on board a large ship which was on her way to China. He says they picked the boat up a long way out, and were very kind to him. He isn't strong enough to get up yet, but he will be home soon, and, oh, father, I know you'll be glad, Ned says he's going to turn over a new leaf, and give up all his wild ways.

He says that while he lay there thinking he was dying he made up his mind that if God gave him his life again he would try and be a different man; and I am so glad and thankful. And father dear, you won't be hard upon him when he comes, will you? For I love him dearly, dearly." She waited anxiously for a reply, but I was unable to answer, for my heart was so full of a wild, delirious joy at my deliverance that I could not speak for the sobs which were shaking my frame. I had always been a hasty, passionate man, but God knows that I had not been a bad one; nay, in a certain sense I had been a religious man, and had taught my little daughter to love and fear God, and her Savior. Hence it was that when the thought came over me that I—I, John Conlon—had, by my own hand and deed, murdered and taken the life of a fellow-creature—when this thought, I say, came over me, it was with such a feeling of wild, unutterable, heart-rending despair, that had it lasted I believe I could not have lived many days.

And now I found that God had mercifully spared me the consequences of my own mad action. Though I felt that all my remaining years must be spent in one long life-repentance for the crime of which, in thought and intent, I had been guilty, yet it was an unutterable deliverance to know that that crime had not reached its last awful consummation. I could not pray—I was too overcome—but a great, glad light shone in my heart such as only he can conceive of who has been delivered from a like abyss to that into which I had fallen.

As I lay there thinking, my daughter came into the room again with a letter addressed to me in her hand.

"It is from Ned, father," she said, "and was enclosed with my own letter. You see it is marked 'private.'" The letter was written in pencil, and was evidently the work of a sick man, for the lines were wavering and feeble.

"You will be surprised to hear, John Conlon," it ran, "that I am still alive. I know you will be glad, for I do not believe that in your calmer moments you would wish to injure me. What you did I drove you to, and only I am to blame. I have been very near to death, and am, I think, a changed man. All I ask is that you will forgive the past. I have been bad and worthless, but God helping me, I will try to make amends to all. I am too feeble to write much, but I love your Nell, and she loves me. At present I am too ill to leave the ship, so must go the whole voyage with her; but I shall be back soon to claim Nell as my wife, and to ask you to forgive what is past. I only was to blame. —Yours till we meet again.—Ned."

* * * * * *

Twelve long months went by, and we heard no further news of Ned, although I had made many and repeated inquiries. I had, however, another cause of anxiety which occupied all my thoughts, for she for whom I had lived, striven, and prayed—she in whom every hope of my heart was centred, whose very presence was light, and every absence darkness—she, my darling, was fast losing her reason! My poor wife, her mother, had died in a madhouse and I was told when Nell was quite

a child that there were certain symptoms about her which would seem to indicate that she too had inherited the same fatal tendency. Care and attention, the physician said, would go far to avert the development of the disease, but he had solemnly warned me that anything like mental anxiety or worry would inevitably bring to pass that which I so dreaded.

Up to the time of her meeting with Ned I had succeeded in shielding her from everything that might cause anxiety or pain, but since her acquaintance with him there had been a marked change in her manner, and she had become restless and irritable. I had attached but little weight, in the first instance, to her declaration of love for him, but now, when I saw her becoming stranger and moodier every day under the uncertainty which still lingered over his fate, I began to see that unless something were done to set her mind at rest there was every possibility of my worst apprehensions being realized.

That my fears were well founded was only too evident, for although I left no stone unturned in my endeavor to ascertain what had become of Ned, all my efforts were in vain, and my poor darling grew worse every day, until at last it was only too clear that all hope was in vain. The disease appeared just as it had in her mother's case.

At first there was nothing very noticeable, only a certain strangeness in her manner, and a peculiar absent look in the eyes. Then, after a time, this strangeness grew more marked, and she seemed as if she did not know what was said to her, as if her mind were so absorbed upon something as to render her oblivious to all else.

And then I saw the fatal symtoms which I so dreaded, and which told me the end was approaching. She did not seem to know me, or to know any one, but would sit for hours in a sullen, solitary brooding, with eyes fixed and strained, as on some unseen object, muttering and moaning to herself.

But had this been all I could have borne it. Were there no worse to follow, I would have gone on to the bitter end, guarding and watching over my poor darling, till God in his mercy should see fit to end her sufferings and mine. But I knew, and had been warned, that this was the first stage of the disease; that the time would come, as it had with her mother, when this sullen, solitary brooding and apathy would give way to the fierce ravings of the wildest insanity; and when even my strong arms would be unable to prevent her injuring herself in the paroxysms of madness.

It might be twelve months, I was told, before the disease so developed, or it might be three; but it would so develop sooner or later, and I was powerless to hinder or avert it. Sometimes I felt as if I could not any more bear the wearing agony of brain and heart; as if I wished that she and I were both dead, and our sorrows ended for ever.

But there were times, as there were with her mother, when reason would partly return—when she would recognize me, and sit with her poor head resting on my breast, her arm thrown around my neck, and her little hand lying clasped in mine. But at all times the one thought in her mind seemed to be that of her lost lover.

Each evening at sunset she would wander down to The Dead Man's Door (where she and Ned had always met in the past, and where they had last parted), and would sit there looking out to sea with wistful eyes, waiting, waiting, waiting, for him who came no more.

The villagers and fisher-folk, as they went by and saw the familiar form on her lonely watch, would silently cross themselves and sigh; and many a time I have seen rough men turn aside with silent pity as they caught a glimpse of her wan, white face, with its blue eyes, wet with weeping and full of a strange wild sorrow, fixed on the far horizon.

When night came, she would return sadly home, but before leaving me would kneel down by my side and murmur the simple prayer I had taught her in her child-days; after which she would whisper in a voice that made my heart bleed: "Dear Lord, hear my prayer, and help me, and take care of Ned, and bring him safe back again. For Christ's sake. Amen."

I am an old, old man, and the dead past is to me little else than an outdreamed dream; but the recollection of that upturned, imploring face and the heart-broken, pleading voice comes back to me so vividly that I can hardly write for the sobs that are shaking my frame, and I half doubt if strength will be given me to finish the task I have undertaken. But patience. It is but a little while—a few short weeks at most—and she and I shall meet again on that bright shore where even now she waits to welcome me, and where parting there shall be none thenceforth.

Another six months went by without any change, save that I saw the dark hand of insanity tightening its grasp on my poor darling, and knew now that at any moment that might come to pass the dire thought of which made me tremble and shudder with horror.

At last, one day, there was a return of consciousness more marked than any since the disease had first manifested itself. But I knew only too well that it was, as in her mother's case, the fatal sign of the approaching end. I knew that I must prepare for the worst—that any hour might bring it to pass.

When at evening the time came for her return from her watch at the Dead Man's Door, my heart was beating so wildly that the very room seemed to quiver and vibrate with its spasmodic pulsations.

At last I heard her footstep on the gravel path, the door opened, and I saw, as she entered, that there shone in the blue eyes—instead of the wild glare of insanity which I had feared—a light calm and serene, as that of a summer sunset, and that there rested over the wan, wasted face a look of peace and gladness, as I have never seen on any human countenance before. And then she came, as was her wont in the old child-days, and knelt beside me, her hand resting on my knee, and her face looking lovingly up into mine.

I was so broken and moved that I could do nothing but lay my hand upon her head, and sob like a child. She put her little hand in mine, and, as she clasped her arm caressingly around my neck, whispered:

"Don't cry, father dear, I am so happy. The dear Lord has heard my prayer, and will send Ned back to me, and we shall be together once more, never again to part."

I looked at her, thinking the poor mind was wandering; but no, the eyes were bright and clear, and she laughed low and lightly, as I had heard her laugh in the old days, gone, alas, for ever! And then she whispered as she nestled still closer to my side:

"Listen, father dear. I was sitting this evening by the Dead Man's Door, asking God to send Ned back to me, when suddenly there came a great light before my eyes, so bright and beautiful that all around seemed dark and dim. And when I looked to see whence it came, I saw, standing by my side, the dear Lord Himself. And He laid my head on His bosom, and clasped His arms around me and said: 'My little child, I have seen the bitter anguish of your heart, and have been sore grieved for all your sufferings. But your prayers are heard, and I will heal your sorrow, and bring him you seek back to you.' And I said, 'When, Lord?' And He was not angry, as I feared He would be, but looked smilingly down on me, and answered, 'To-morrow little one; to-morrow at this hour, and at this place, you and he shall meet again, nevermore to part.' And then he kissed me on the forehead, and the tears came to my eyes, so that everything seemed blurred, and when I looked up again the light was gone, and I saw only the sun shining on the sea, and the white sails glistening on the far horizon, and the sea-gulls skimming and sailing over the waters below. But I know that my love is coming back to me, for the dear Lord has said so, and to-morrow he and I shall meet again, nevermore to part, nevermore to part, nevermore to part."

* * * * * *

The next morning rose bright, clear, and fresh. I had scarcely slept all night, for I knew that that which I dreaded could not be much longer delayed, even if the excitement of the previous evening had not already brought it to pass. But no, my darling came into the room with a clear light in her beautiful eyes, and with a look of glad expectant hope upon her face that awakened something like a faint gleam of sunshine, even in my darkened heart.

For the first time for many months she did not go out, as had been her daily wont, to watch at the Dead Man's Door, but stayed with me within the cottage.

"Why should I go?" she said in reply to my inquiry. "Do I not know that he is coming, and when he is coming? Did not the dear Lord tell me Himself? And cannot I wait His time—I, who have waited so long? To-night, father darling, when the time arrives, we will set out to meet him, and welcome him; but till then, I can wait and trust, wait and trust."

I am not superstitious, nor credulous, but as I looked at the calm serenity in her face something of her faith and hope seemed imparted to my own breast.

As the day wore on, however, and over the blue sky of morning there spread from horizon to zenith a strange haze that darkened towards midday into one vast cloud-pall of livid purple, my heart grew dull and [illegible]

When four o'clock came there had settled over sea and land a brooding blackness such as I had never seen before. The air hung hot and heavy, as though Nature herself lay hushed and terror-stricken, although I could hear a strange booming in the distance that seemed coming nearer and nearer.

The atmosphere was charged with a dull oppressiveness, so close and stifling that my every breadth was labored, and there seemed to be a weight lying upon chest and lungs which it was impossible to shake off. And over sea and land the brooding blackness ever closer settled.

And then we could hear the surging lash and roll of the rising waters upon the beach below becoming more sullen and thunderous, while the wind upsprang with a weird, wailing sound that made me shudder—a sound as though it were being driven against its will to wreak some wicked work of vengeance.

At last there burst upon us a storm such as I have never witnessed in all my three-score years—a storm which wrought more havoc while it lasted than all the tempests and gales of a twelvemonth. But there was no sign of fear and uneasiness on my darling's face—only the bright light of expectant hope.

She sat silent and still, except that at times I heard her whisper softly to herself, "To part no more, to part no more," and then she would come over to my chair to kiss and fondle me as she had done in the old child-days.

By half-past six the fury of the storm had well-nigh spent itself, and it had grown lighter, although the wind was still howling and shrieking as if uttering wild cries of remorse for the desolation it had wrought.

With a dull pain at my heart I watched the clock creep on towards seven, and then, as the hour was striking, she came to me, saying:

"Come, father dear, it is time we set out to meet him."

I took up the lantern from the corner, clasped her little hand in mine, and we two stepped out into the black night and the wild tempest on our strange errand. The very elements seemed to burst into fresh rage and indignation at our presumption in thus daring them.

The wind sprang at us with a whoop of anger, so that we had to battle and struggle for every step. And so, with clothes saturated with the spray and spume with which the air was charged, and with ears deafened by the fierce uproar of the tempest, we fought our way onward, gasping and fighting for breath.

As we approached The Dead Man's Door, I saw that, although it was some hours from high tide, the breakers were dashing right up to its foot, and I shouted to her that we had better wait on the cliffs higher up; but she only shook her head, and pressed on still more desperately to the meeting-place.

I remember that as we approached the fatal spot some impulse moved me to lift the light to her face, and then a ghastly horror seized me, and I gasped for breath, as though there were some clutching hand at my throat, for I saw that her face had the wild madness-stricken look which I had seen on that of her dead mother, and that the fierce glare of insanity was shining in the soft, beautiful eyes.

With a great cry of despair I fell to my knees and strove to prevent her going farther, but she broke from my grasp and darted forth into the darkness. As I sprang up to follow there burst from a rift in the clouds a faint glimmer of moonlight across the black waters that were thundering and leaping at my feet; and I just caught a glimpse of the dark outline of a wreck away on the farther rocks. But I could think of nothing, care for nothing, save my daughter.

With one wild bound I was at The Dead Man's Door. I saw the outline of a figure at its foot, which I recognized, even in the blackness, as the form of my darling. She was kneeling over a dark something that lay stretched before her, and a hideous horror froze and curdled my blood as I raised the light aloft. Seen in its wan, dusky rays, lay the body of him we had come to meet—stiff, stark, and still, the cruel waters which slew him oozing from mouth and nostril, and trickling over the cold, clammy forehead.

And then, in the lurid light that fell from the lantern, I saw shoot and shiver over the white, wild face of my darling a ghastly grey—I saw her slender form tremble and quiver with one swift heart-spasm of pain, and in another moment she fell forward on the body of her lover lifeless and still.

* * * * * *

Her prayer is answered. They have met again, never again to part, and lonely, desolate, heart-broken old man that I am, I yet feel that it is better so, that it is the hand of an All-wise, All-merciful Father which takes her from me.

But as I sit here in my dreary, deserted cottage, and listen to the wild wailing of the wind, and the sullen sobbing and surging of the sea, my thoughts go back to a grassy mound in the village churchyard, where two forms rest side by side, and where I too soon shall lie.

Nor do I fear that death which I feel so fast creeping over me, for although my sin was a terrible one, yet terrible also has been my punishment. And I know that He will abundantly pardon, and that soon my darling and I shall meet again on that bright shore beyond Death's dim borderland, where even now she waits to welcome me.

The Little Orphan.

BY CATHARINE CHILDAR.

"YOU do not love me, Lucia!"

The speaker was a tall, good-looking young fellow, dressed in the picturesque costume of the shepherds of the Alban Mountains, but his handsome features were spoilt by an expression of petulant ill-humor.

The girl whom he addressed as Lucia sighed deeply, but she did not raise her eyes nor make any answer.

"Is this your last word?" continued the young man. "You mean to say you prefer that wretched foundling—that miserable, nameless cripple, to me?"

"See here, Enrico: what you ask me is impossible! How can I turn out of doors a poor helpless child of six years old? Who is to feed him? Who is to take care of him?"

"But we are poor people. Why are we to keep a stranger's child?"

Lucia lifted her head eagerly, the "we" sounded encouraging.

"Dear Enrico, you shall have no expense. He shall not cost you a farthing. The English signora who taught me to knit has promised to buy all I do. I shall earn a good deal, I am sure. See, I have already begun a stocking, and the work goes on—goes on; whether I watch the goats or the soup upon the fire, I knit and knit. Look, how fast it goes!" and Lucia made the steel needles glitter in the sunlight.

"Bah! This is nonsense, and the English lady will never come again. Those foreigners are not to be relied on. Besides, when we are married you will have more to do. There will be my clothes to see to, and why are you to be saddled with a foundling? He is no relation of yours."

"True, but he is almost like a brother. Did not my dear mother find him lost among the hills four years ago? Did she not take care of him as if he were her own? Has he not always shared our food and our home? And now that she is dead—she that was his best friend, always patient when I was angry, always gentle when I was severe—now, before she has lain a month in her cold grave, I am to turn out the poor child she rescued from death? No, Enrico mio, such a thing is not possible. As for loving you, ah! you know ——" here the poor girl's voice broke, and she said no more.

But Enrico did not seem convinced either by her glowing words or her silent tears. He made no attempt to console her; he stood there frowning, and kicking the loose stones of the road, looking just what he was, a bad-tempered, selfish fellow.

He had been brought up with Lucia, and had loved her after his own fashion ever since they were children—that is to say, he had tyrannized over her himself, but had fought her battles with others—and Lucia had repaid his championship with the deepest love and admiration of her little heart.

Enrico had taken to spending his winters in Rome, picking up what he could get as a model, and returning to his native mountains during the summer months.

His affection for Lucia had become a habit, though, as she was poor, he looked upon himself as a very magnanimous young fellow for offering to marry her, considering how many girls were fascinated by his person and manners.

But as to the cripple, the little orphan that Lucia's mother had been silly enough to adopt, that was quite another matter. He wasn't going to be saddled with him, a useless creature, that could never be turned to account.

Just then the poor little child who was the cause of the lovers' estrangement came hopping and wriggling towards them. One leg dangled, perfectly useless, but he had a crutch, and by means of this and his uninjured leg he managed to get over the ground tolerably fast. Enrico saw the child coming, but took no notice; he only kicked the stones more viciously than before.

"Take care, Enrico!" cried Lucia anxiously; "you very nearly hit his head."

She spoke too late. Enrico had sent a sharp flint full into the little cripple's face. It struck his lip and made him cry. Without a word of regret or farewell, Enrico turned on his heels and strode quickly away.

The two creatures he had wounded so cruelly wept in each other's arms. Little Pipino's face was cut and the smart was hard to bear, but what was that compared to the pain in the true and loyal heart of Lucia?

"Do not cry," whispered Pipino, forgetful of his own hurt, and stroking Lucia's face with his small thin hands, "do not cry. He is a bad man. When I grow big and strong I will kill him!"

"No, dear little one, you must not say such things. It is very wicked to be revengeful. Enrico did not mean to hurt you."

"Yes, he did. He told me yesterday he should like to wring my neck. He would have boxed my ears too, if Nicolo Prato had not come up just in time. Enrico is a coward; he ran away when he saw Nicolo."

"Hush, Pipino!" said Lucia angrily. "Little boys know nothing about men. Nicolo Prato can box people's ears too, I dare say."

"Ah, but not ours," said Pipino, with such a comic expression that Lucia could not help smiling and blushing. She knew very well why big, rough Nicolo Prato was so kind to the little cripple, but she tried to pretend ignorance.

"Come, come," she said, when she had washed Pipino's face and dressed his wound, "a plate of soup, and then off to bed."

"I don't want any soup. Nicolo gave me some, and I took it all, because I knew there would be more for you."

"That was very naughty of you! You are never to do so again—do you hear?"

The child made no answer. He took his reproof with an air of tolerant superiority, and walked off to his primitive couch.

He was soon asleep, but Lucia lay awake all night. Her love for Enrico was deep and sincere, and now an end had come—an end to all her fond hopes and bright plans for the future.

Enrico had never been a model character by any means, but his winter in Rome had made him worse.

He had come back more idle, more selfish, more careless than ever; before that he had never talked of turning poor Pipino adrift.

It was a night of sorrow and tears for Lucia, but she adhered firmly to her purpose. It was a cruel, unjust thing that Enrico wished her to do, and great as was her love for him, she dared not yield.

The autumn days drew on. Visitors were flocking to Italy. Without a word of farewell to Lucia, Enrico left Gonzano and went down to Rome.

It was a long dreary winter. People never remembered so much snow. There was much distress about, and Lucia, in spite of her hard work and her constant knitting, began to despair.

The English lady had never come back, and it was difficult to find food for herself and Pipino. But Nicolo Prato never forsook them. He was always bringing small presents, ostensibly for Pipino, and Lucia could not be ungracious to the child's ben-

efactor.

She recollected with shame and regret how often she had laughed at the big, rough peasant—how she had encouraged Enrico to make fun of his awkward ways, and how she had imitated his bashful speech. And now, he was the only friend who stood between her and starvation.

News sometimes came of Enrico. It was a cold winter, and Rome was crowded with strangers; the models were "coining money," so Enrico sent word. But never a message for her; she was nothing to him now. She had only the tiny, clinging hands of the cripple to caress her, and his baby talk to give comfort for the future.

And while she sat and grieved in silence, Nicolo, the warm-hearted, awkward peasant, stood timidly aloof, longing, but not daring, to cast his love and devotion at her feet.

One evening Pipino was later than usual. Lucia grew alarmed. What could have happened to the child? The twilight grew deeper, still Pipino did not appear.

Suddenly a firm, heavy tread was heard, and Nicolo stood in the doorway.

"What is it?" cried Lucia. "Where is the child?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Nicolo, standing awkwardly on the doorstep, uncertain whether to retreat or advance. "He is at my house——"

"Your house? Why? Has anything happened?"

"It is nothing. His crutch slipped upon a stone; I carried him home."

"But why did you not bring him here?"

It was too dark for her to see the flush of embarrassment which spread over the honest fellow's face as he stammered his reply—

"It was so much farther—my house is bigger—I thought——"

"Whatever you thought, it was foolish," cried Lucia, stamping her foot impatiently. "If the child is in your house, how can I go and nurse him?"

"Ah, Signorina Lucia!" sighed Nicolo, and then he was silent. Lucia grew embarrassed in her turn—neither spoke for a few seconds.

"This is folly," exclaimed Lucia. "Why are we wasting time while the child is suffering? I must go and fetch him here."

Nicolo felt it was now or never. He stepped further into the room and seized her two hands eagerly. Lucia was too amazed to utter a word.

"Yes, Lucia," he said, "let us go; but if you come to my house, you must never leave it again. I want you there—to stay with me always—so does Pipino. I will work for you both. I am strong. I can earn enough for us all. You will not mind my mother living with us. She loves you already, and she is not old; she is no trouble. You can mind the house together."

Lucia was so bewildered by this avalanche of words that she could not speak.

The shy, bashful Nicolo, emboldened by her silence and the semi-darkness, came closer still, and put one arm around her, holding fast her other hand.

"Come," he said gently, drawing her to him—"Pipino wants you."

"Ah, no!" she said, suddenly rousing herself with a cry, and pushing Nicolo violently away. "How can you say such things to me? It is only a few months since——"

"You were betrothed to Enrico, I know; do not think I forget. I know, too, I am a poor, rough, ugly fellow by the side of him, but I will take care of the child."

Lucia sank panting into a chair. Her old love for Enrico, her affection for Pipino, her gratitude to Nicolo, all fought and struggled in her heart. Then she started up again.

"Why do you keep me talking here and the child is suffering? Is it a very bad accident?"

"It is not dangerous, and my mother is with him. Give me an answer, Lucia. I love you with my whole heart; will you marry me?"

The girl burst into a passion of tears. She knew what Nicolo said was true. Even when she had laughed and scoffed at him the most, she had always known he loved her. And yet—and yet her foolish heart clung to Enrico.

"Nicolo," she cried, and at the sound of his name the honest fellow thrilled all over—"Nicolo, forgive me. I cannot forget Enrico."

"Ah!" came like a gasp from the breast of Nicolo; then he was silent, and nothing was audible save Lucia's sobs.

"I know," she said pleadingly—"I know I am foolish. He is perhaps careless and idle; but if he were to return, and say to me, Lucia mia, forgive me and marry me, why, then, Nicolo——"

"He will never say so," interrupted Nicolo harshly. "Yesterday he married Maddalena."

"Maddalena!" panted Lucia, a hot flush tingling her whole body.

It was the name of the worst girl in Genzano, who had gone to Rome that winter.

"Tell me that again," she said quietly—"Enrico has married Maddalena?"

"Yes," answered Nicolo, very quietly also.

A wave of outraged love and indignation swept over Lucia, and overwhelmed forever in its depths the memory of Enrico.

"I did not speak before," said Nicolo, in a broken voice. "I was afraid I should have no chance, but I have loved you as long as Enrico. I have toiled and slaved to get a home for you, and I will work for you all my life. Come—Pipino wants you."

She rose with a hysterical laugh, wrapped a shawl round her, and went out with Nicolo into the twilight.

It was a grave and solemn walk: both realized what was implied in it.

Nicolo's mother met them at the door, and welcomed Lucia with a silent embrace; the two young people went on to where Pipino lay upon the bed.

He greeted them with a shout of rapture.

"I told you so," he cried. "I knew she would come if Pipino wanted her."

He threw an arm around each of their necks, and drew their faces down to his and kissed them. Then he said, half roguishly, half gravely:

"Now kiss each other."

But Lucia rebelled, and rising from his hold with flushed cheeks, began to reprove him.

"How is this, Pipino? Is it a trick you have played upon me?"

"No, no," cried the child eagerly. "The doctor says I have hurt my leg badly; but I don't care if it makes Nicolo happy."

And so the little orphan, who had severed one love-match, cemented another, and Lucia became the wife of Nicolo Prato.

The spring days came and all things seemed to prosper. The English Signora took up her abode again in Albano, and often visited the young wife and little Pipino, who had not only recovered from his accident, but was getting less lame under the skilful treatment of the kind doctor. The boy was very clever, too. People commenced to shake their heads wisely, and prophesy that he would do great things some day.

"Ah!" they said, "it was a lucky hour for Lucia when she took that child. He will turn out a genius."

Sad accounts came from Rome—sad stories of the life led by Enrico and Maddalena, but they never reached Lucia's ears. Nicolo guarded against that. To him, also, the mere mention of the names brought bitter memories, and no allusion to them ever crossed his lips.

And so Lucia's life went on, passed in tranquil happiness. The love she had accepted was honest and sincere, not full of stormy gusts, like the passion of Enrico, but patient and unselfish, filling every day's commonplace duties with sweet and thoughtful attentions. With her husband at her side, Pipino growing up, and baby voices calling her mother, Lucia has good reason to bless the day she took the name of Prato.

ABOUT THE OYSTER.

An anonymous essayist thus sketches dispassionately and impartially the general and some special features of the oyster:

The oyster has returned from his summer vacation at the seaside and is once again in our midst.

The phrase, "in our midst," is used in no figurative sense, either.

The oyster is of sedentary habits, and inclined to be lazy. He spends the most of his life in bed, from which he can only be aroused by a vigorous combing with a dredge.

As a general thing the human family is very fond of the oyster, but the affection is not reciprocated to any extent. The superior size of the human family to the oyster connection is supposed to be responsible for this.

The oyster is not a disputant. He agrees with you readily if eaten fresh and properly seasoned.

The first man who ever ate an oyster was a savage.

He resided on the south coast, and was taking a promenade on the beach, one day, leading his bull dog with one hand and reading a paper with the other, when he saw an adult oyster sitting in a half-recumbent attitude, gazing at the sunset with open-mouthed wonder.

The man thoughtlessly put his finger between the oyster's teeth, which promptly closed on them with vigor and a snap.

This is what made the investigator a savage man.

Howling with pain, he promptly inserted his finger in his own mouth as soon as he got it out of the oyster's, and was surprised to find it saturated with an agreeable flavor. In consequence the mollusk soon followed the finger, and its relatives have been following that enterprising pioneer oyster ever since.

The gentleman oyster is not a dude, nor a gaudy dresser, but the lady oyster has a penchant for pearls.

He attends sociables and church fairs in his individual capacity, however—no great crowds of oysters being found at these gatherings.

His fondness for sociables has led to the belief that he is socialistic in his tendency, but such is not the case.

He prefers water and he likes it salt.

Scientists call the oyster "a marine acephalous mollusk of the lamellibranchiate order," but his mild disposition does not warrant the use of such very opprobrious terms.

If he were bigger and more capable of defending himself they would never think of heaping such a load upon him.

The oyster makes the acquaintance of man stewed, fried, or raw, and is also good in pie.

Some people regard the lady oyster as oviviparous, and others insist that she is good to eat.

The fact is, she attends to her domestic duties in such a quiet unobtrusive way as to baffle the investigations of naturalists with green spectacles, and to leave them in a dazed state of mind. The female oyster is not a clam.

Oysters are called buy-valves because you have to pay for them, unless you have time to hunt them in their native lair.

Oysters are noted for their grasping disposition. They are shellfish creatures.

They wear a stolid expression of countenance, and are thorough Prohibitionists. They are never known to smile.

They are inclined to be pessimistic in their views, looking at life with a serious aspect.

Their conversational ability is small, but they can sing occasionally, as the following stanza explains:

Do fishes ever sing?
Of course they do!
You know that codfish ball
And oyster stew

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A farmer near Lewistown, Me., who used a horse to run his fodder cutting machine, was much annoyed at frequent stoppings of the horse power, particularly as soon as the horse was left alone. He accordingly watched the animal, which, as soon as it thought that its master was away, reached over the side of the machine, grabbed the brake with its teeth, pulled it over and stopped the machine. The old horse is said to have actually looked sad when the farmer tied the brake down and started him on the treadmill again.

It is related that in Liverpool, England, an elephant broke out of his stable and burst open the door of a small cottage adjoining, squeezed in and untastened the cupboard, and ate a dozen pots of jam, a gallon of pickled onions, a pound of meat, a loaf of bread, a pound of butter, and a quantity of sweets. Having demolished everything in the provision line, he swallowed some window plants and then examined some ornaments on the chimney-piece, laid them carefully on the sofa and enjoyed himself for nearly two hours before he was got out.

The interesting statement is made in the last municipal report of the corporation of Chelsea, near London, England, that, contrary to what has generally been assumed in the relations of occupation and health, the sewermen of that place show marvelous health and vitality, notwithstanding they spend seven hours daily in the sewers, often in cramped-up positions, dealing with offensive and dangerous matter. One of the sewermen, who is now pensioned off, is now 80 years old, and was a sewerman for more than twenty-eight years. Another, who is yet at work, is 74, and has followed his occupation more than thirty years.

Wood in certain forms is a most common and constant article of diet on the Lena river in Siberia. North of it, except in a few sheltered valleys, it may be said there is no other wood than the larch, and for miles south of the tree limit absolutely no other. The natives eat it because they like it. Even when fish are plentiful it usually forms part of the evening meal, as the many cleanly stripped larch logs near every hut testify. They scrape off the thick layers immediately under the bark, and chopping it fine, mix it with snow. It is then boiled in a kettle. Sometimes a little fish roe is mixed with it, and further south, cow's milk or butter.

No point of structure is too minute to afford instances of the law of inheritance. A little spot on the iris has been transmitted from parent to child. The possession of a few additional long hairs on the eyebrows has been known to characterize the various members of certain families, and the characteristic of a patch of premature gray hair has been transmitted through several generations. Many curious proof is extant of families which possessed and gloried in their scars, moles and other family marks, faithfully transmitted from parent to child—a sort of secret hall mark stamped by nature to attest the genuineness of the line. Peculiarities in the structure, arrangement and even in the enamel completion of the teeth, for example, run in families. The writer, among whose professional duties the frequent inspection of tongues holds a humble but not unimportant place, has remarked a notable peculiarity in that organ transmitted from mother to daughter.

Liberality on the part of visitors to Windsor Castle, it is inferable from a writer who grows historical, is not what it used to be. The most magnificent visitor ever known in the annals of the English Court was the Emperor Nicholas, who, when he was there in 1844, left $10,000 to be distributed among the servants of Windsor Castle, while the housekeeper there was given a parure of diamonds worth $5000. The six lords who were waiting during his visit, each received a splendid gold snuff box, with the Emperor's portrait set in diamonds; each equerry and the grooms in waiting got a similar snuff-box with his Imperial Majesty's cipher in brilliants; a sealed package was found on the dressing-table of each of the royal bedrooms when distributed among minor functionaries; $12,000 was given in charity, and $2,500 for the ball at Ascot, which was continued annually for ten years. The most liberal visitor since 1855 was the King of the Netherlands, when he was there to attend the marriage of the Duke of Albany.

The view that we take of everything depends upon the principle of contrast and comparison. Many years ago the majority of our ancestors lived in mud huts, with no chimneys or glass windows, with no separate apartments by day or by night, no carpets on the floor, and more generally no floor except the bare earth. As late as the time of Edward III the household furniture of respectable well-to-do families consisted of a bed—though this was a luxury by no means universal—a brass pot for cooking purposes, a gridiron, a brass cup, a rag or two and a towel. They had no chairs or tables, and even in the houses of the nobility there was nothing but a chest to sit upon. With their habits of life cleanliness was impossible, and it was considered extravagant to have clean straw on the floor every day. They lived for the most part on salted meats, and in the reign of Henry VIII our most common vegetables were unknown. They had no tea or coffee, and no such variety of breadstuffs as are common in the humblest households now. If any of us were suddenly reduced to this style of living, the discomfort would be intolerable, but it is not to be supposed that our venerable ancestors had any such feeling growing out of the way in which they were obliged to live.

A Curious Table.—At Florence, in the Pitti Palace, is a wonderful table, which first gives an impression of a strange medley of matter. In reality, however, it is composed of human muscles and viscera, nearly a hundred bodies having been employed in its construction.

The table is made in circular shape, and about three feet in diameter, having a pedestal and four feet, the whole being made of petrified human remains. The pedestal ornaments are constructed from internal parts of the body, the natural color of which is observed.

The table is made of polished muscles, and bordered with upwards of a hundred eyes, everyone of which, marvellous to say, retains its original lustre. The maker of the table obtained the subjects for his uncanny design from the hospitals, and petrified each by immersion in a solution of mineral salts.

The first owner of this by no means pleasant drawing-room ornament was a nobleman, and last Christmas Eve he was sitting playing cards, when suddenly he started up. The gaze of the petrified eyes apparently had turned him mad, and in an instant he mortally stabbed himself.

Husband: "You know that pretty Mrs. F.? Wife: "For goodness' sake, John, don't talk about 'that pretty Mrs. F.'! I can't go anywhere without hearing her praises sounded, until I am sick to death of the sound of her name." Husband: "I was only going to tell you of a rumor I heard about her to-day." Wife: "A rumor? Oh, John, tell me all about it—that's a good soul!"

"SHE."

Improbabilities Sometimes Become Realities —A True Woman's Fidelity.

Several works bearing unique titles, written in fascinating style, and giving evidence of wonderful imaginative power have lately been received by the reading public with much popularity and pleasure.

Perhaps the most striking of them is the book bearing the odd title of "She." In this the author has fairly outdone himself in his popular line. Ayesha and her beloved Kallikrates are unique characters in fiction. Ayesha, the heroine, is a beautiful creature who tasted of the essence of nature's bounty at the fountain head, and became immortal.

Her patient waiting for the coming of Kallikrates, the beloved of her youth, whose individuality was maintained through centuries, though the change called death had occurred, only to be followed by rebirth, is a fine illustration of Woman's fidelity.

The closing scene, when she conducts Kallikrates to the very centre of the earth, the birthplace of all life, in order that he may taste of immortality, is a fit climax to the fine creation.

The question naturally suggested by this strikingly original story is whether there is not somewhere in nature, a potent force whereby life may at least be temporarily prolonged.

Mrs. Annie Jennes Miller, editor of "Dress" says: "In every instance Warner's Safe Cure has the effect to give new energy and vitality to all my powers." Miss Gray, teacher of Oratory and Physical Culture at Syracuse, declares: "Not so I tried physical culture and Warner's safe cure, I was a confirmed invalid. I owe much to that wonderful remedy, and do not hesitate to acknowledge it."

Human life seems too short, though men in former ages lived longer than those of the present. History tells us that they lived more in accordance with nature's laws; their mode of living was extremely simple and in good data followed the dictates of human intelligence.

If sickness comes, we endeavor to seek the remedy among the artificial forces instead of resorting to the field of nature.

If what He has done, we would consult nature the chances are that we would get better for we would then treat the cause of such disorders. Modern research has shown that most of the commonly known diseases owe their origin to the unhealthy state of the kidneys, the bowel portions of the system, and if they are kept in a healthy state by the use of Warner's safe cure, a vegetable compound and simple production of nature, much of the prevailing sickness would be happily averted.

It is probable that the author of "She" derived many of his beautiful imaginings from close communings with nature, as we are all agreed that whatever is of or from nature is more beautiful and wholesome than that which is artificially constructed.

Our Young Folks.

THE OAK TREE'S DREAM.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

THERE stood in a wood, high up on the side of a sloping hill near the open shore, a very old oak tree. It was about three hundred and sixty-five years old, but those long years were not more than as many single rotations of the earth for us men. We are awake during the day, and sleep during the night, and have then our dreams; with the tree it is otherwise. A tree is awake for three quarters of a year. It only sleeps in winter—that is its night—after the long day which is called spring, summer, and autumn.

Many a warm summer day had the ephemeron insect frolicked round the oak tree's head—lived, moved about, and found itself happy; and when the little creature reposed for a moment in calm enjoyment on one of the great fresh oak leaves, the tree always said,—

"Poor little thing! one day alone is the span of thy whole life. Ah, how short! It is very sad."

"Sad!" the ephemeron always replied. "What dost thou mean by that? Everything is so charming, so warm and delightful, that I am quite happy."

"But for only one day; then all is over."

"All is over!" exclaimed the insect. "What is the meaning of 'all is over?' Is all over with thee also?"

"No; I may live, perhaps, thousands of thy days, and my lifetime is for centuries. It is so long a period that thou couldst not calculate it."

"No, for I do not understand thee. Thou hast thousands of my days, but I have thousands of moments to be happy in. Is all the beauty in the world at an end when thou diest?"

"Oh! by no means," replied the tree. "It will last longer—much, much longer than I can conceive."

"Well, I think we are much on a par, only that we reckon differently."

And the ephemeron danced and floated about in the sunshine, and enjoyed itself with its pretty little delicate wings like the most minute flower—enjoyed itself in the warm air, which was so fragrant with the sweet perfumes of the clover-fields, of the wild roses in the hedges, and of the elder-flower, not to speak of the woodbine, the primrose, and the wild mint. The scent was so strong that the ephemeron was almost intoxicated by it. The day was long and pleasant, full of gladness and sweet perceptions; and when the sun set, the little insect felt a sort of pleasing languor creeping over it after all its enjoyments. Its wings would no longer carry it, and very gently it glided down upon the soft blade of grass that was slightly waving in the evening breeze; there it drooped its tiny head, and fell into a calm sleep—the sleep of death.

"Poor little insect," exclaimed the oak tree, "thy life was far too short."

And every summer's day were repeated a similar dance, a similar conversation, and a similar death. This went on with the whole generation of ephemera, and all were equally happy, equally gay.

The oak tree remained awake during its spring morning, its summer day, and its autumn evening; now it was near its sleeping time, its night—the winter was close at hand.

Already the tempests were singing, "Good night, good night! Thy leaves are falling—we pluck them, we pluck them! Try if thou canst slumber; we shall rock thee to sleep, we shall sing thee to sleep; and thy old boughs like this—they are creaking in their joy! Softly, softly sleep! It is only three hundred and sixty-fifth night. Sleep calmly! The snow is falling from the heavy clouds; it will soon be a white sheet, a warm coverlet for thy feet. Sleep calmly and dream pleasantly."

And the oak tree shook itself robed of all its leaves to go to rest for the whole long winter, and during that time to dream many dreams, often something stirring and exciting, much like the dreams of human beings.

It, too, had once been little. Yes, an acorn had been its cradle. According to man's reckoning of time it was now living in its fourth century.

It was the strongest and loftiest tree in the wood, with its venerable head reared high above all the other trees; and it was seen far away at sea, and looked upon as a beacon by the navigators of the passing ships.

It little thought how many eyes looked out for it. High up amidst its green coronal the wood-pigeons built their nests, and the cuckoo's note was heard from thence; and in the autumn, when the leaves looked like hammered plates of copper, came birds of passage, and rested there before they flew far over the sea.

But now it was winter, and the tree stood leafless, and the bended and gnarled branches were naked. Crows and jackdaws came and sat themselves there alternately, and talked of the rigorous weather which was commencing, and how difficult it was to find food in winter.

It was just at the holy Christmas time that the tree dreamt its most charming dream. Let us listen to it.

The tree had a distinct idea that it was a period of some solemn festival; it thought it heard all the church bells round ringing, and it seemed to be a mild summer day. Its lofty head, it fancied, looked fresh and green, while the bright rays of the sun played among its thick foliage. The air was laden with perfume of wild flowers; various butterflies chased each other in sport around its boughs, and the ephemera danced and amused themselves.

All that during years the tree had known and seen around it now passed before it as in a festive procession. It beheld, as in the olden time, knights and ladies on horseback, with feathers in their hats and falcons in their hands, riding through the greenwood; it heard the horns of the huntsmen, and the baying of the hounds; it saw the enemies' troops, with their various uniforms, their polished armor, their lances and halberds, pitch their tents and take them down again; the watch-fires blazed, and the soldiers sang and slept under the sheltering branches of the tree.

It beheld lovers meet in the soft moonlight, and cut their names—that first letter—upon its olive-green bark. Guitars and Æolian harps were again—but there were many years between them—hung up on the boughs of the trees by gay traveling swains, and again their sweet sounds broke on the stillness around. The wood-pigeons cooed, as if they were describing the feelings of the tree, and the cuckoo told how many summer days it should yet live.

Then it was as if a new current of life rushed from its lowest roots up to its highest branches, even to the farthest leaves; the tree felt that it extended itself therewith, yet it perceived that its roots down in the ground were also full of life and warmth; it felt its strength increasing, and that it was growing taller and taller. The trunk shot up—there was no pause—more and more it grew—its head became fuller, broader—and as the tree grew it became happier, and its desire increased to rise up still higher, even until it could reach the warm blazing sun.

Already had it mounted above the clouds, which, like multitudes of dark migratory birds, or flocks of white swans, were floating under it; and every leaf of the tree that had eyes could see.

The stars became visible during the day, and looked so large and bright; each of them shone like a pair of mild, clear eyes. They might have recalled to memory dear, well-known eyes—the eyes of children—the eyes of lovers when they met beneath the tree.

It was a moment of exquisite delight. Yet, in the midst of its pleasure it felt a desire, a longing that all the other trees in the wood beneath—all the bushes, plants and flowers—might be able to lift themselves like it, and to participate in its joyful and triumphant feelings.

The mighty oak tree, in the midst of its glorious dream, could not be entirely happy unless it had all its old friends with it, great and small, and this feeling pervaded every branch and leaf of the tree as strongly as if it had lived in the breast of a human being.

The summit of the tree moved about as if it missed and sought something left behind. Then it perceived the scent of the woodbine, and soon the still stronger scent of the violets and wild thyme; and it fancied it could hear the cuckoo repeats its note.

At length amidst the clouds peeped forth the tops of the green trees of the wood; they also grew higher and higher as the oak had done; the bushes and the flowers shot up high in the air; and some of these, dragging their slender roots after them, flew up more rapidly.

The birch was the swiftest among the trees; like a white flash of lightning it darted its slender stem upwards, its branches waving like green wreaths and flags.

The wood and all its leafy contents, even the brown-feathered rushes grew, and the birds followed them singing; and in the fluttering blades of silken grass the grasshopper sat and played with his wings against his long thin legs, and the wild bees hummed, and all was song and gladness as up in heaven.

"But the blue-bell and the little wild tansy," said the oak tree; "I should like them with me too."

"We are with you," they sang in their low, sweet tones.

"But the pretty water-lily of last year, and the wild apple tree that stood down yonder, and looked so fresh, and all the forest flowers of years past, had they lived and bloomed till now, they might have been with me."

"We are with you—we are with you!" sang their voices far above, as if they had gone up before.

"Well, this is quite enchanting," cried the old tree. "I have them all, small and great—not one is forgotten. How is all this happiness possible and conceivable?"

"In the celestial paradise all this is possible and conceivable," voices chanted around.

And the tree, which continued to rise, observed that its roots were loosening from their hold in the earth.

"This is well," said the tree. "Nothing now retains me. I am free to mount to the highest heaven—to splendor and light; and all that are dear to me are with me—small and great—all with me."

"All!"

This was the oak tree's dream; and whilst he dreamt, a fearful storm had burst over sea and land that holy Christmas eve. The ocean rolled heavy billows on the beach—the tree rocked violently, and was torn up by the roots at the moment it was dreaming that its roots were loosening. It fell. Its three hundred and sixty-five years were now as but the day of the ephemeron.

On Christmas morning, when the sun arose, the storm was passed. All the church bells were ringing joyously; and from every chimney, even the lowest in the peasant's cot, curled from the altars of the Druidical feast the blue smoke of the thanksgiving oblation. The sea became more and more calm, and on a large vessel in the offing, which had weathered the tempest during the night, they were hoisting all its flags in honor of the day.

"The tree is gone—that old oak which was always our landmark!" cried the sailors. "It must have fallen in the storm last night! Who shall replace it? Alas, no one can!"

This was the tree's funeral oration—short, but well meant—as it lay stretched at full length amidst the snow upon the shore, and over it floated the melody of the psalm tunes from the ship—hymns of Christmas joy, and thanksgiving for the salvation of the souls of mankind by Jesus Christ, and the blessed promise of everlasting life.

"Let sacred songs arise on high,
Loud hallelujahs reach the sky;
Let joy and peace each mortal share,
While hymns of praise shall fill the air."

Thus ran the old psalm, and every one out yonder, on the deck of the ship, lifted up his voice in thanksgiving and prayer, just as the old oak tree was lifted up in its most delightful dream on that Christmas morn.

WHAT GUY WENT THROUGH.

BY I. L. P.

"GOOD-NIGHT, my boy," said Mrs. Lang, and she bent down to kiss her child as he lay in his berth.

His berth? Yes; for Mrs. Lang and Guy were on board the fine large steamship, The Crane, bound for home.

The night was calm, and soon the boy slept, whilst Mrs. Lang went up to the deck, and sat down to read and think; but soon she too came down and went to bed.

In one day's time they would reach France, and then their plan was to go straight through by train and boat till they were back once more in Howth, the small town in which Mrs. Lang was brought up from a girl.

All was still on board The Crane; the lights were out, and at the rate of twelve knots an hour the good ship made her way. All at once there was a loud crash, and those on board woke with a start.

"What can it be?" said Guy, as he sat up in his berth.

"I think the wind must have got up," said Mrs. Lang, "and the sea must be rough; but don't fear, my boy."

But there was one crash, and then they heard a voice cry out—"Make haste, all of you; come up on deck at once."

"It was dark all round; they had no light; Mrs. Lang tore a rug off her berth to put round Guy, and then she found her fur cloak, and the two went up on deck. It was pitch dark, but they saw the sea was calm, and then they heard the ship had struck on the rocks, and her bows were now deep in the sea.

Two or three hours went by, and dawn came ere they could launch one of the boats. In the first one to leave the ship was Mrs. Lang and Guy. There was a Mrs. West too, with a child of a year old; she was told to throw it from the ship down to the boat, and it fell right in the sea, but Dr. Moore, who had the charge of that boat, leant out, and got it out of the sea.

When the boat was full they left the ship; they were in sight of land, and soon they would be on shore, but, oh, how cold it was! they were all wet through and the wind was so keen.

To try and keep them warm, Dr. Moore tore up the sail of the boat, and gave a bit of it to Mrs. Lang and Guy to put round them.

For some time they could not find a place to land; the surf ran so high, it would not have been safe to try and get through it, but at last they found a cove and ran in there.

Few of them had shoes on; and now that they had no more need of the life-buoys they tore them up, and bound bits of the cork round their feet to serve as shoes.

When they came to land there was no house or town in sight, and they had nine miles to walk ere they found one. Such a walk it was, for they were worn out with cold and damp, and fear and want of food, and they had to wade through a stream knee-deep, and up the hillsides, which were so steep that they had to climb them on hands and knees. At last they came to an inn, and there Mrs. Lang and Guy and a lot of the rest went in.

As Mrs. Lang got to the door she fell down in a faint, and one of the men who were with them took her up in his arms to a large room, and laid her on a rug on the floor. They gave her some wine to drink, and this did her good.

Then some black bread was brought them to eat. Guy was glad of it, for it was the first food they had had all day. Then he lay down by Mrs. Lang's side.

In a short time six great tall men came up to the room with pipes in their mouths, and they sat down all around the fire to smoke.

There was one man from the wreck in the room with Mrs. Lang and the rest. He was there to take care of them; but he had had so much rum to drink he was quite off his head. These men soon had a talk with him in French, to try and find out if they had rings or gold on them.

Then they brought them some wine to drink; but none of them would touch it, for they felt sure there must be some drug in it to make them sleep, and then they would try and rob them.

Fear kept them from sleep; but the men would not let one of them get to the door.

At last Mr. Lang said she was so ill, she must see Dr. Moore. For some time they took no heed of her; but at length one of them went to fetch him.

When he came, and found what a state of fear they were all in, he sent for some of the men who came on shore with them to turn the first ones out, and they took care of the room all night.

Next day some large flat leaves of white bread and some fish were brought to them to eat, but no knives and forks to use.

Then they had to drive for some miles in carts drawn by mules, which went at such a pace down bad roads on the edge of hills they thought they would all be thrown out; and they had a large guard of men to ride them, for fear of thieves on the road.

At length they came to a town, and here Mrs. Lang and Guy were sent to the house of a rich man and his wife, who were most good to them, and gave them some clothes. They had a nice room to sleep in, and good food to eat.

Next day a French yacht took them out to join a steam-boat which had been sent from France to fetch them, and in three days' time they were safe back in Howth.

RETORTS COURTEOUS.—During one of the German wars, towards the close of the last century, a young English officer and a German prince were dining in company. After dinner the prince, from mere wantonness, began flipping some water that was in a glass before him, and splashed some into the officer's face. To resent the thing as an insult would have entailed a scene, court-martial, and disgrace; to pass it by would have been to lose caste and win for himself the reputation of a coward.

The Englishman had the true instinct. He rose, and without a minute's hesitation, said, smiling, to the German:

"That's a droll trick, but we do it better in England."

Then with a loud laugh he threw the contents of a glass of water in the other's face. There was a moment's confusion, but an old general interfered and said, "Now, prince, you commenced it," and the whole passed off as a good joke.

Somewhat similar to this was Richelieu's behavior on receiving an insult from the King of France. In a moment of petulance the king slapped his face. To return it was impossible, to tolerate it a disgrace, and indeed any serious dealing with it must inevitably have led to the retirement from the Court. Without a moment's hesitation Richelieu turned to his other neighbor and slapped his face, saying, "The king wishes you to pass that on." And so it passed off as a jest.

We have heard also a story of the Prince Regent and a hulk, one of his friends, almost identical with this. The Regent became enraged at some unwonted familiarity on the part of the other, and threw a glass of wine into his face. The hulk only bowed his own glass into his neighbor's face, and said, "Pass it on, with the Prince's compliments."

BURIAL CUSTOMS.—The modes of burial differ widely among various peoples, from the rudest ceremonies and methods of the wandering tribes to the ornate, impressive, reverent services of "the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

Among some the dead are buried lying, others sitting, as in the case with several of the Indian tribes; and instances are related where warriors or leaders in the nations have been buried seated upon their favorite war-horse, as was done with the famous Blackbird, the chief of the once powerful Oumas.

But there is a remarkable agreement of custom for the practice of placing the body east and west. Sometimes the body is placed with the head to the east and sometimes to the west. It is held by certain writers that this custom is due to solar symbolism, and the head is placed to the east or to the west according as the dead are thought of in connection with the sunrise, the reputed home of the Deity, or the sunset, the reputed home of the dead. There are, however, some tribes who lay their dead north and south, and others bury men with the face to the north and women with the face to the south; while among some of the African tribes, if one happens to die away from his home, he is buried facing his native village.

A COLLECTION OF VOICES.—Edison, the inventor, it is said has a remarkable memento of Beecher. His phonograph for impressing on a soft metal sheet the utterances of the human voice and then emitting them again by the turning of a crank has never been put to any very practical use, but he has utilized it to make a collection of famous voices. Since he became renowned his visitors have included hundreds of celebrities. Instead of asking them for their autographs or photographs, he has, in two or three hundred instances, requested them to speak a few sentences into a phonograph. He has kept the plates in a cabinet, and occasionally he runs some of them through the machine, which sends out the words exactly as uttered. Edison is probably the only man who can revive the silenced voice of the great preacher.

BRICKS.—A brick, says a technical paper, being about as porous as a lump of sugar and having six sides, needs a careful lining for water tight work in cess pools, &c., and a thin grout or porridge of cement is commonly used. Heating the brick and soaking beforehand in thick coal tar has been recommended. A man may lay common wall all his life without learning how to make brick water-tight.

THE MOON'S KISSES.

BY C. B. C.

The moon has kissed the sea,
And risen high in heaven;
And a path of light still marks the way
She came when the world in twilight lay,
A silver lamp in a desolate bay,
A light to the dim earth given.

I can hear the sea below
With its low and hollow moan
Splash on the rock and surge on the shore
And drag the shivering stones once more
Back to their bed on the ocean floor
As I sit and watch alone.

I can see the golden sands
Where the dark moon-shadows lie,
A silver streak on a white-capped wave,
A touch of light on a black rock cave,
A gleam on the cliff which the waters lave
That the moon kissed tenderly.

There's a tiny boat below—
A boat with a rosy mast;
It dips in the shadow, then in the light,
And the waves sob round it through the night,
And a sea-gull hovers on pinions white,
And screams as it arrows past.

But the moon has climbed the sky
And touched the distant hill
Where the moor lies bright with purple heather,
Bluebell, foxglove and gorse together,
And has kissed the woodcock's downy feather
That lies asleep and still.

STRANGE DUELS.

In the old days of duelling nearly every one was affected by the mania—soldiers, sailors, statesmen, actors and even members of the learned professions were ready at all times, and, in fact, in all places, with sword or pistol to settle a difference or to wipe out an insult.

Drs. Woodward and Mead fought a duel. Dr. Woodward's foot slipped, and he fell. "Take your life," said Mead loftily, putting up his sword. "Anything but your physic," retorted Woodward; and thus the desire of these two disciples of Æsculapius to let blood terminated.

Madaillan, a soldier in France, sent a challenge to the Marquis de Rivard, who had lost a leg in battle. The marquis accepted, but sent with his answer a case of surgical instruments, insisting that Madaillan should first lose his leg, so as to place them on an equal footing. The joke prevented the duel.

Many duels have been prevented by the difficulty of arranging the "how and when" of the business. In the instance of Dr. Brocklesby, the number of paces could not be agreed upon; and in the affair between Dr. Akenside and Mr. Ballow, one had determined never to fight in the morning, and the other that he would never fight in the afternoon. John Wilkes, however, was one who did not stand on ceremony in these little affairs of honor, for when Lord Talbot inquired how many times they were to fire, he replied: "Just as often as your lordship pleases. I have brought a bag of bullets and a full flask of powder."

One of the funniest duels was that in which Saint-Beuve was engaged. It began to rain slightly, after he had taken up his position, whereupon he called for his umbrella, and, opening it, held it over his head with his left hand, while with the right he held his pistol. The expostulations of the seconds had no effect upon him. "It is all very well to be killed," said the famous essayist; "but I object to catching cold in my head."

That a man should lose his life through mispronunciation of a vowel seems hard; but such really was the fact. In the year 1718, Williams, a Welch actor, and Quin were playing together at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, in London, in the tragedy of Cato, Williams playing Decius to Quin's Cato. The former entered with, "Cæsar sends health to Cato;" but he mincingly pronounced the name of Cato, Keeto. Quin, who gave a broad, classical enunciation to the letter "a" in the word, was offended, and instead of replying, "Could he send it to Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome," he exclaimed, "Would he had sent a better messenger."

The Welshman was boiling with rage, and when Cato resumed with, "Are not your orders to address the Senate?" he could hardly help replying, "My business is with Keeto." In the short scene he had to repeat the name ten times, and each time it would come Keeto. Quin had to repeat it as often, but delivered it with a broad sound and significant look, which nearly took the Welshman off his feet, and brought laughter from all sides of the house.

When they met in the greenroom, Williams assailed Quin for rendering him ridiculous in the eyes of the audience. Quin said it was in the cars, and would have laughed off the matter; but the spirit of the Welshman was aroused, and would not brook such treatment, and so he lay in wait for Cato beneath the piazza of Covent Garden. Quin laughed as Williams drew his sword and bade him defend himself, and would have sustained his defence with his cane; but the Welshman thrust so fiercely, that the other was obliged to draw his sword, which, without intention on the part of the wielder, passed through the body of Decius, and stretched him dead upon the pavement.

Coming within our day is the strange duel related to have been fought by the celebrated tragedian, Signor Rossi. The latter, during a farewell performance of Hamlet at Cassle, in Italy, was considerably interrupted by the talking of the court society present. In the middle of a sentence, the tragedian stopped, and turning towards a front box from which the greatest noise proceeded, he bowed, and quietly said: "I shall not proceed so long as you do not hush."

The public applauded; the interruption ceased, and the play went on. But afterwards Rossi was met at the stage-door by a young gentleman, who felt called upon to ask for satisfaction. The tragedian made rather a long face, for he was expected on the morrow at Milan; so he explained his position to his adversary, and suggested that, in order that the little affair might be settled as speedily as possible, they should go to his (Rossi's) rooms at the hotel and quietly shoot at one another there.

This proposition having been accepted, they went to Rossi's rooms, and had just placed themselves at either end of the room, to exchange three shots, when the innkeeper, over anxious as to his guest's health and hours, knocked at the door, which, finding locked, he anxiously inquired if the signor was ill, as his light burned unusually late.

"No," replied Rossi. "I am going to bed—thanks. Good-night."

"You are deceiving me," persisted the inn-keeper, perhaps enlightened as to the scene at the theatre. "You are certainly ill."

"Go to bed," returned Rossi; "I am putting out the light;" and, in a lower tone, he added to his antagonist: "This is the only way out of it—blow out the candles."

"What! Are we to fight with pistols in the dark?"

"Not quite. We will each smoke a cigarette, and that will serve to guide our aim."

"All right!"

And so the duel was fought; and Rossi wounded his adversary slightly.

Grains of Gold.

When the will is ready the feet are light.

On every small pretext the wolf seizes the sheep.

Truth has but one way, but that is the right way.

To change and to better are sometimes two different things.

Most of us deliberately shut our eyes on what is best worth seeing.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze fiercely.

Judge not hastily; it is better to suspend our opinion than to retract an assertion.

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.

Let your character be as firm as granite and the shafts of your enmies cannot harm it.

Repentance without amendment is like continual pumping in a ship without stopping the leak.

Help others whenever you can; you would yourself be grateful for a helping hand in a moment of need.

Forbearance and self control smooth the road of life and open many ways which would otherwise remain closed.

If we shut our eyes on the beauty of things around us, who is to blame if we find life dreary and monotonous?

Read not to contradict and refute, or to believe and take for granted, or to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Education should be a training of all the faculties to detect their own needs and grasp their proper sustenance, not only in youth, but throughout life.

Femininities.

Five lady violinists are to play in this country this season.

The greatest miracle of love is the reformation of a coquette.

Only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Cooking is now taught pupils of the Washington, D. C., High School.

Modesty is a sweet song-bird that no open cage-door can tempt to flight.

What one woman doesn't know about her rival she is always willing to tell.

A New York woman makes a good living as a guide of out-of-town visitors.

The thing that a woman always knows best is how some other woman ought to dress.

Albums or easels are now and are, dealers say, destined to take the place of parlor table ones.

Very pale blue ink is the latest agony, as shown in the dainty notes of fashionable correspondence.

Upstairs and downstairs bird cages are now, and give the canary a day and a night compartment.

There are about 10,000 milliners in New York and Brooklyn, or about 1 bonnet maker to every 20 women.

The woman who shows her love of admiration has not been spoiled by flattery. Only the spoiled girls take it as a matter of course.

To keep milk a long time add bicarbonate of soda in the proportion of about six grains to a quart of milk, and then place in sealed bottles.

The massacre of English words still proceeds in Paris. "Un a five-o'cloquer" is the latest atrocity; it means that they take tea at 5 o'clock.

Miss Grace, an English cricket player, recently stayed at the wicket a whole afternoon and scored 217 runs against the good bowling of four men.

A lovely woman in Austin, in perfect health and possessing lovely tresses, lost all of her hair in one night. Burglars found it on the washstand.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty, that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask.

It is never too late to learn. One of the Chautauquans who received a diploma recently was a woman who had passed her 80th year, and several others were gray-headed.

Princess Louise and Maud of Wales are progressing favorably, and their complete recovery is assured without any of the unfortunate afflictions that often result from measles.

A pathetic presentation of poverty in London is contained in the remark of a little girl who lay dying at Shoreditch. "Now there will be enough for the rest to eat," she said.

A cavalcade of a dozen auburn-haired maidens, all mounted on white horses, dashed through the streets of a Nebraska town the other afternoon and caused great excitement.

The latest thing in albums is the hand and foot album, the leaves of which contain outlines, life-size, of the hand or foot. The notion originated in Boston, and folio albums are in demand there.

"Can you tell me," wrote Mabel, "what I can do to change the color of my hair? It is red, and I am afraid to use dye." "Get rich," wrote the editor in reply, "the newspapers will change it to auburn or gold."

Two families living in the same house at Wallingford, Conn., fought long and bitterly until the woman on the first floor burned feathers and cayenne pepper. Then the woman on the second floor capitulated and moved out.

There are on the pension rolls the widows of two soldiers in the Revolutionary war, one in Northwood, N. H., 26 years of age, and another in Washington, Ohio, only 72. The latter was married very young to a soldier very old. She was 16, while the bridegroom was 72.

A schoolteacher in Lenawee county, Mich., brought suit for damages against two young men who had reported that they saw him with his arm around a girl's waist; but the judge threw the case out of court, declaring that it was nobody's business but the girl's.

A set of salad dishes, recently imported from Italy, represents the various sized leaves of a cabbage, the centre piece or bowl being a whole cabbage, with projecting leaves as handles. This set is as original and appropriate in design as one may desire, but rather an expensive indulgence.

Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, now of London, formerly of Philadelphia, is going to India with a party at the head of which is the nabob, Sir Salar Jung. One newspaper mentions the fact that she is going with "Sir Sarah Jungo," while another announces that she will accompany "Sir Salad Bung."

Drunkenness, gambling and impurity are the great curses of our society. Why do you condone these sins, or allow your husband to speak lightly of them before you? Let him realize how high the ideal is that you have formed of him, and how pained you are when in speech or action he falls short of it.

A doctor said to his wife: "You see, dear, I have pulled the patient through after all; a very critical case, I can tell you." "Yes, dear hubby," was the answer; "but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah, if I had only known you five years earlier! I feel certain my first husband—my poor Robert—would have been saved."

It was customary with girls in ancient Greece and Rome to offer, when they approached the marriageable age, their dolls to Venus or Diana. Many of these ancient dolls, made of wood, clay, ivory or wax, have been found in tombs of Greek and Roman origin. These curious votive offerings seem to have been universal in the ancient world.

Masculinities.

A man who does not love praise is not a full man.

He that wants money, means and content is without three good friends.

The Czar has the measles—mildly, they say; nevertheless the measles.

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in the bar-room looking for work.

A man without self-restraint is like a barrel without hoops, and tumbles to pieces.

It is too common a practice to adjourn the reformation of our lives to a future time.

A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves.

Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

"It's nachul dat de higher we gits in dis life de mo' trubble we has. De taller de troe grows de mo' its shuck by de win'."

Young Mr. Algernon Peil: "I want to get a pair of low shoes." New clerk: "Yessir; something for about 75 cents?"

She: "Why, Charlie, what a pile of letters! Billets doux, I suppose?" He: "Not at my time of life, dear. Billies overdue."

Sir John Lubbock says that among a certain hill tribe of India it is a mark of respect and gratitude to put the thumb to the nose.

This is a good world to sin in, but, so far as men are concerned, it is a very hard world to repent in. It is a bitter world, it is a cruel world.

The New York dandy has taken to snuff, which he pinches from ancient snuff-boxes ornamented either with diamonds or ancestral portraits.

The modest man has everything to gain, and the arrogant man everything to lose; for modesty has always to deal with generosity, and arrogance with envy.

An embarrassed young man who had just been married, not knowing how to express his gratitude, in handing over a small fee said: "I hope to give you more next time."

The Czar entertained his royal Danish relatives with a feat of strength the other day. He took a new pack of cards and by a quick motion of his hands tore it right through.

"Does your wife play the piano?" "I am sorry to say she doesn't." "Does she play any musical instrument?" "None whatever." "Hey! That's a rare accomplishment."

"Why is it," said a husband to his wife, "that married women, as a rule, are such gossipers?" "Because they find such attentive listeners in their husbands," replied the lady.

Chinese schoolmasters have more power over the young than parents. If after three years' schooling the child is not morally as well as intellectually reformed, he is sent to another school.

Selfishness is not an excess of self-love, and consists not in an over-desire of happiness, but in placing your happiness in something which interferes with, or leaves you regardless of, that of others.

At a wedding breakfast the groom remarked to a little girl: "You have a new brother now, you know." "Yeth," responded the little one; "'tas seth it wath Mary's lasth chance, so she'd better take it."

A 40-day husband, on whom the memory of the honeymoon already seems to be powerless, wants to know why his wife is like a small pie. Do you give it up? "Because," says the unfeeling wretch, "she is a little tart."

The average girl is now engaged in the manufacture of slipper patterns and whisk-broom holders, which she will exchange December 25 for tortoise-shell fans, diamond ear-rings and the like. The average girl has a good head for business, after all.

Marshal John Jolly, of Butte City, Mon., is the owner of the most expensive policeman's star in the United States. It is of solid gold and has five points; at the end of each point is a diamond, and in the centre is a monogram of gems. The whole is valued at $800.

Never take part in family quarrels, however sorely you may be tempted. The belligerents are sure to cry truce and make up their differences again, when all who have ranged themselves as partisans on either side will be sacrificed without mercy. Strict neutrality is the only safe plan.

A young man who was taken to the Norfolk, Va., police station one night recently while helplessly intoxicated, begged the next morning, on coming to his senses, that his name be kept secret, as he was going to be married in the evening. His excuse was that he had been on his "wind-up frolic."

Some woman-hating editor expressed the opinion recently that women are never as successful as men in their callings; whereupon a Pueblo paper, with true Western gallantry, came to the rescue of the fair sex with a bold denial of the assertion, and instanced one lady in the neighborhood whose voice could be heard a mile.

A Russian young lady has been condemned to life-long imprisonment for marrying 14 husbands. She is a curiosity, and ought to have been let off. When her lawyer went to see her in prison after the trial she assured him of her gratitude and asked him to accept as a souvenir a gold watch and chain, which she placed on the table before him. He at once recognized it as his own. She had picked his pocket and presented him with his own watch.

A farmer and his son have had a most unpleasant series of adventures at Whitt, Texas. First the father fell into an abandoned well, and then the son came tumbling after. The well was 40 feet deep, and there was an ugly moccasin snake at the bottom. To make matters worse, it began to rain, the water rose in the well and the earth caved in around them. They passed 20 hours in this plight, and were finally rescued by passers-by who heard their cries.

Recent Book Issues.

"Tony, the Maid," is a novelette by Blanche Willis Howard. This book will well repay perusal, the only fault being that it is too short. Miss Howard has certainly never done better work. Tony is a most original character, as may indeed be said of all the others in the book. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Her Only Son," by Hesba Stratton, is the story of a mother's love for a drunken son. The same tale has been told a thousand times before, and just as truly. Its reading may do good, where it fails to give anything but a sorrow-mixed pleasure. Dodd, Mead & Company, publishers, New York. For sale by Lippincott Co. Price, 75 cents.

"Dead Man's Rock," by "Q," is a novel written much in the style of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," etc., and save that it is open to the charge of being an imitation of those popular and exciting stories, it is just as strangely mysterious and interesting as they are. Published by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by Wilson, No. 111 South Eleventh street. Price, 25 cents.

"A Queer Race," by William Westall, is a queer book, but its queerness makes it full of strange interest. It deals with sea life, sunken ships, mysterious islands and strange people, all mixed together in a way that is as odd as it is entrancing to the lover of genuine imaginative romance. Published by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by Wilson, No. 111 South Eleventh street. Price, 25 cents.

"Equal to the Occasion," a tale by Edward Garrett, leaves pleasant memories after reading it. It is a story that inculcates many good lessons with being dull or overly full of preachment. It is mainly based on the struggle of two young girls to make their way in the world, after family misfortunes, and shows how needful it is to attend to even the slightest calls of duty in order to be equal to all the occasions of duty that presents themselves. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott. Price, $1.00.

A grand volume for children of all ages and growths, and illustrated in a most superb and sumptuous style, is "The Wonder-Clock; Four and Twenty Marvelous Tales," being one for each hour of the day, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle, embellished with verses by Katharine Pyle. The two dozen stories are felicitously conceived and reported; illuminated with bold drawings of castles and monks, geese, foxes, princes, fair maidens, witches, giants, and all the treasures of fancy gathered in the storehouse of useful and entertaining fable. Indeed, looking over this splendid book with its charming stories, and just as winning illustrations, a half-wish can hardly help creeping to the heart that one were of the lucky generation of youngsters who live in the day when such works are possible. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lippincott Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The November *Popular Science Monthly* opens with the fifth of the very valuable series of papers by Hon. David A. Wells, on "The Economic Disturbances Since 1873." Garrett P. Serviss furnishes another of his familiar and interesting talks on "Astronomy with an Opera Glass," his special theme being the stars of autumn, with illustrations. "Agassiz and Evolution" is an advance from the forthcoming work by Prof. Joseph Le Conte, on "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought." The other articles are of equal freshness and importance. This number of the Popular Science is a very strong one. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

The November *Wide Awake* is notably interesting. Mrs. Fremont's account of several visits with Hans Andersen in Copenhagen, entitled, "Hans Andersen at Home," are full of the most unique incident and gossip; and exceedingly readable is Miss Amanda B. Harris's article about "The Luck of Edenhall," filled with all manner of legend and lore concerning the old fairy drinking-glass of the Musgraves, so famous in ballad and story, and which is yet in existence at Edenhall. Many of the young folks' favorites are represented in this number, and there is a picture for almost every page. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The November *Magazine of American History* is the brightest and best illustrated of the year. Oliver Cromwell's portrait is the frontispiece. It appears in connection with Mrs. Lamb's "Historic Home of the Sylvesters." Other articles are: "Relation of Church and State in America," "Hamilton Oneida Academy in 1794," "Aaron Burr," "An Interesting Dialogue in 1676, between Bacon, 'the rebel,' and John Goode, of Whitby," "Horace Greeley's Practical Advice to the Reconstructionists in Mississippi," and the "Religious Movement in 1800." The shorter articles are varied and entertaining. The number concludes with its carefully edited departments. Price, $5 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

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THE CHINESE DEAD.—From my post of observation on the verandah, writes a correspondent, I have watched some very curious funeral ceremonies, in Foochow, especially during a festival answering to All Souls' Day, when the whole population turn out, and go forth all over the country to visit their ancestral graves, which are scattered about in the most promiscuous fashion, on such spots as the soothsayers have declared to be especially pleasing to the dead. Each family carries offerings of food on many trays: roast ducks, a pig roasted whole, rich cakes, and all manner of sweetmeats and sweet rice wine. These are the realities of which, happily for their descendants, the dead cannot partake, so after they have been duly laid out upon the grave, and a religious service has been read by one of the party from the ritual for the dead, these good things are replaced on the trays, and carried home again for the family festival. But the dead are supposed to need many things in the far country—clothes, horses, furniture, houses, writing materials: whatever is conducive to comfort here, must be transmitted from earth to the spirit-world by the simple process of burning. Fortunately, it is not necessary to burn real articles—paper or pasteboard imitations will do as well, so thousands of persons are employed solely in the manufacture of these objects, while thousands more devote their whole lives to coating paper with tinfoil, to be made into shoe-shaped ingots of silver, and imitation dollars, and the semblance of other coins, especially strings of countless cash, all of which are destined for burnt-offerings to propitiate the dead. For it need not follow that affection prompts all this immense annual expenditure in honoring the dead. It is generally the result of most slavish fear—the grossest bondage of superstition—for every Chinaman believes in the power of the dead to avenge neglect by causing all manner of evil to the living; so trouble of every description, disease, failure in business, loss of sons, and all other conceivable afflictions, are due to the curse of the malevolent dead, to whom he may not even be distantly related. The avenging spirit is very probably some neglected beggar, who has been allowed to live and die unpitied, but who, after death, becomes a power of evil, whom no sane man dares to neglect!

DREAD OF THE WET.—In Western lands it is a proverbial saying of one who is peculiarly stupid that he does not "know enough to go in when it rains." In China, on the contrary, the saying would be altered so as to read: "He does not know enough to stay in when it rains," and to a Chinese the idea that a human being has any functions which can be harmonized with the rapid precipitation of moisture can only be introduced by trepanning.

A portable shower would be one of the most perfect defenses a traveler in the hostile sections of China could desire. We are confident that a steady stream of cold water, delivered from a two-inch nozzle, would disperse the most violent mob ever seen by a foreigner in China in five minutes of solar time. Grapeshot would be much less effectual, for many would stop to gather up the spent shot, while cold water is something for which every Chinese, from the Han dynasty downward, entertains the same aversion as a cat. Externally or internally administered, he regards it as alike fatal. The remote causes of their deep-seated antipathy to wet weather lie imbedded in the Chinese constitution, but the proximate causes, in our view, are twofold—the porosity of cotton cloth and the absolute scarcity of dirt.

To our readers these reasons will no doubt appear inadequate, not to say frivolous; but this, we believe, is because they have not reflected profoundly on the subject. Why the Chinese should persist in wearing cloth shoes we do not pretend to say, but wear them they certainly do. Damp feet are not only uncomfortable; they are dangerous to health.

Oiled boots are luxuries for the few, and in seven cases out of eight he who goes abroad when it rains will do it in cotton-cloth shoes, which will be ruined. He has no light sandals. He never washes his feet. Hence it is easier and more philosophical to stay at home, which he does.

HEALTH.—It is considered by all physicians impossible to lay down any rules for health which may be followed safely by all persons. Health depends largely upon the diet. Some people cannot eat newly-baked bread; others cannot eat it when stale. With some constitutions much fresh meat induces fulness of the head and a feverish state of the system, because it makes blood too fast. It should therefore be discarded, and a little salt meat or fish, if the appetite craves it, with fresh fruit and vegetables, will be found probably to be just what the system requires. In truth, with health, as in many other things, each person must be a law unto himself.

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THE HISTORY OF THE UMBRELLA.—In Queen Anne's time the umbrella is mentioned as employed by women, but up to the middle of the eighteenth century it appears never to have been used in England by men, though Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, wrote from Paris in 1752 describing it as in general use in that city, and wondering that so convenient a practice had not penetrated to England. Hanway, the famous traveler and philanthropist, who returned to England in 1750, is said to have been the first Englishman who carried an umbrella; and a Scotch footman named John MacDonald, who had traveled with his master in France and Spain, mentions in his curious autobiography that he brought one to London in 1778, and persisted in carrying it in wet weather, though a jeering crowd followed him, crying, "Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?" In about three months, he says, the annoyance almost ceased, and gradually a few foreigners and then some Englishmen followed his example. Defoe had described an umbrella as one of the contrivances of Robinson Crusoe, and umbrellas were in consequence at one time called "Robinsons." They were looked on as a sign of extreme effeminacy, and they multiplied very slowly. Dr. Jamieson, in 1782, is said to have been the first person who used one in Glasgow; and Southey's mother, who was born in 1752, was accustomed to say that she remembered the time when any one would have been hooted who carried one in the streets of Bristol. A single coarse cotton one was often kept in a coffee-house to be lent out to customers, or in a private house to be taken out with the carriage and held over the heads of ladies as they got in or out; but for many years those who used umbrellas in the streets were exposed to the insults of the mob and to the persistent and very natural animosity of the hackney-coachmen, who bespattered them with mud and lashed them furiously with their whips. But the manifest convenience of the new fashion secured its ultimate triumph, and before the close of the century umbrellas had passed into general use.

LIKE A GRIDIRON.—The day of Saint Lawrence is the tenth of August. This is a holy day in the Roman Calendar, to commemorate the death of the saint who was martyred under Valentinian, about 373, A.D., by being burnt to death on a gridiron. It is said that while suffering the agonies of burning he turned to his inhuman executioners and asked them to turn him, as the one side was sufficiently roasted. On Saint Lawrence's Day, 1547, the Spaniards gained a decisive victory over their enemies, and, in honor of the event, Philip the Second commenced, in 1563, and completed in 1586, the Escurial, the palace of the sovereigns of Spain, at a cost of fifty millions of dollars. It is built in the shape of a gridiron, and the total length of the rooms and apartments exceeds one hundred and twenty miles. It comprises in itself a church, mausoleum, monastery, palace, library, and museum. The Church of Saint Lawrence in London, is dedicated to this saint, and has a gridiron on the steeple for a vane.

WHAT THE GIRL WAS FRYING.—It sometimes happens in Oriental countries that daughters are sacrificed by their parents to position and title, "for their good," of course. The parents of a girl who was thus bestowed in marriage went to pay her a visit, expecting, naturally, to be entertained with a hospitality corresponding to the husband's rank. Unfortunately, there was nothing in the larder. To express her dissatisfaction at the treatment she had received the daughter placed an empty pan upon the hearth and made show of preparing a meal. The curiosity of the mother being excited, she peeped into the vessel but saw nothing. "What are you doing, silly girl?" she exclaimed. "I am frying the honor you got for me," was the reply; "there is nothing else."

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Asthma,	**Bronchitis,**
Pneumonia,	**Sciatica,**
Headache,	**Inflammations,**
Toothache,	**Congestion.**

Strong Testimony from Honorable George Sinerr as to the Power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatic Rheumatism.

NO. 3 VAN NESS PLACE, New York.
DR. RADWAY: With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and, at times, in both lower limbs.
During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.
I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulations, outward applications of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.
Last September, at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limb in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away, although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather. I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise. Yours truly,
GEO. STAEHL

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.
INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
R. R. R. not only cures the patient seized with Malaria, but if people exposed to the Malarial poison will every morning take 20 or 30 drops of Ready Relief in water, and eat, say a cracker, before going out, they will prevent attacks.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier

For the cure of all chronic diseases, Chronic rheumatism, scrofulous complaints, etc., glandular swelling, hacking dry cough, cancerous affections, bleeding of the lungs, dyspepsia, water brash, white swellings, tumors, ulcers, hip disease, gout, dropsy, rickets, salt rheum, bronchitis, consumption, liver complaints, etc.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing diabetes, inflammation or irritation of the bladder, albuminous or brick dust deposits or white sand, etc., establishing its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. One Dollar a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE, 25 cents Per Box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.
☞Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Humorous.

THE FAIR.

When lovely woman's feet are seven,
And such a size her soul abhors,
What does she then? Why, gracious heavens!
She squeezes them in number fours.

And when the years come onward pacing
And show her waist increased in size,
What does she? Files to tighter lacing,
And shows her suffering in her eyes.

And when old age draws nigh to crib her,
What then does lovely woman do?
She makes herself a right down fibber,
And says, "I'll soon be thirty-two."

Thus lovely woman's e'er deceiving,
Dispelling ever love's young dreams;
And men must own, though sadly grieving,
That women are not what they seem.

—U. N. Nonn.

A vacant lot—Dudes.

A droll dog—A wag with a funny tale.

Felt slippers—Those applied to unruly youngsters.

Very few persons can hold their own on their first sea voyage.

He: "And may I see your father to-morrow, dear?" She: "Y-e-s: I suppose it's too late to see him to-night?"

Why is a captain's gig like a rich gold-mine?—Because it is well oared.

A Minneapolis paper advertises "leggins for children with or without feet."

Bacon says reading maketh a full man, but the men who get full oftenest are not the greatest readers.

It is the freckled-face boys who are the sharpest in swopping jackknives. They freckle early and speckle-late.

"How do you get along without watermelons in winter, Uncle *Joel*?" "Sar, dar are chickens in the wintah."

It is no use for a piano to be square or upright. Mr. Talmage is authority for saying that there will be none of them in heaven.

Barber, to customer: "You are quite bald, sir." Customer, who isn't conversationally inclined: "Yes: I was born that way."

People have been known to talk against gambling all their lives on every possible occasion, and then after all to go and get married.

Rev. Dr. Torsey states that he can marry a couple in eight seconds, and it is awful to think so much damage can be done in such a brief time.

When you are in a horse car and anxious to reach home it goes very slow. When you have to chase it half a dozen blocks to catch it how fast it goes!

Young wife: "I wonder why the birds don't come here any more? I used to throw bits of cake I made, and—" Young husband: "That accounts for it."

Raw onions are now eaten to cure insomnia. Where it fails to cure husband or wife it will at least keep the other awake for company, and that's some consolation.

"The second-hand liver-pad who lives in that house is proud," said a cynic; "he can't even paint his fence but he must label it 'paint!' for fear that people won't notice it."

She: "Before we were married you promised to fulfill every wish you read in my eyes, but I don't find it so at all." He: "Yes, since that time I have grown very near-sighted."

"Do you know him?" asked a gentleman of an Irish friend the other day, speaking of a third person. "Know him!" said the Irishman; "I know'd him when his father was a little boy."

Connoisseur: "I tell you what it is, McDash, those buzzards are simply superb. You shouldn't paint anything but birds." Artist, disgusted: "Those are not buzzards; they are angels!"

Mrs. Schwelle: "Henry, what shall I do? I've invited twenty people and they've all come, while I've only laid covers for fifteen." Mr. S.: "Drive some of 'em away. Get our daughter to sing a little."

"There is one thing I can say," said poor grammer John; "I am proud of, and have no occasion to blush for, my ancestors." "True," replied the fat reporter; "but your ancestors cannot return that compliment."

Young Mr. Sissy, to his pretty cousin: "I say, Maude, how did my song, 'Home Again, from a Foreign Shore,' seem to impress the company?" Pretty cousin: "Well, some of them, Charlie, looked as if they were sorry that you had got back."

A judge cautioned an old negro who had been acquitted not to be found in bad company again. "Much 'bliged to yo', marse," he replied; "I allus 'spect your advise; but de fact am, marse, dat good company and bad company look so much alike dat de nigger can't tell de difference until he git right in 'em!"

Tommy, aged 5: "What do you do at the theatre, Mr. Simpkins?" Simpkins, a dude: "Do at the theatre, my little man? I don't do anything at the theatre. I am not an actor. What put that into your head?" Tommy: "Well, sister Anna said she wouldn't have you around only she thought you were good for the theatre once a week."

The faith cure doctor took the hand of his patient and, looking into his eyes, said: "I can cure you." Patient: "Are you sure?" "Very sure. All you've got to do is to believe. Just believe you're cured. That's all." "All right, I'll try it. Good day." "Hold on a minute, my man; didn't you forget something?" "What?" "The fee. I charge a dollar a visit." "Oh, yes. Well, believe. All you've got to do is to believe I've paid you and it'll be all right."

KEEPING TALLY.—Up till 1782 the method of keeping the public accounts in England was by the use of tallies. The tally was a square stick, not more than five feet long, and about an inch in depth and thickness. On one of the four sides the amount paid was expressed in notches. Thus a notch an inch and a half wide denoted £5,000, the largest sum that could be expressed by a single notch; a notch an inch wide denoted £500, three-eighths of an inch wide £50, half of three-eighths £5, and half of this last size a shilling. There was a small notch for a penny, and a small hole denoted a half-penny.

On each of the two sides next the notched side, the description of the payment was written. After the tally was thus duly notched, it was split through the notches, one-half being given to the person who had made the payment; the other half, called the counter tally, or counter foil, being kept by an officer of the Exchequer. Tallies were abolished by Act of Parliament in 1782. Tallies are still used in some of the country districts.

Not long ago there lived in the valley of Gleufruiff, about three miles from Helensburgh, an old lady who was celebrated for having a famous breed of turkeys. On one occasion she sold one of them to a gentleman named Brown. When cooked and served at the table, it was found to be so tough as to be quite unestable. Meeting the old lady a short time afterwards, Mr. Brown said to her: "What did you mean, Mrs. M——, by selling that turkey to me?" "What was wrang wi't?" "It wasn't good at all," replied the gentleman. "No guid," quoth Mrs. M——. "It was bound to be guid. It won the first prize for eleven years at Helensburg Cattle show."

Two pals of a burglar who was caught robbing a house in Cincinnati successfully played the police impersonating scheme and assisted him to freedom. After the thief was captured he was taken to the street, whereupon the pals stopped up, inquired the trouble, and on showing police officers' badges beneath their coat lapels were handed the intruder to lodge in jail. They seemed to be performing their entrusted duty very conscientiously for two or three squares, when the trio took to their heels and made off.

Otter Belt, a great Comanche Chief, died in Indian Territory a few days ago. Five minutes before his death they held him erect and arrayed him in his best war costume. They painted him red, set his war-bonnet on his head, tied up his hair in beaver skins and laid him down just as he died. Then his five wives cut themselves, beat their bodies and pulled their hair.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

$25 A WEEK and upwards positively secured by men agents selling Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belt, Suspensory, etc., and by ladies selling Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets. Sample free. Size sent. DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

PERFUMERY BY MAIL.

Well made Sachet Powders retain their agreeable odor for years while imparting a delicious fragrance to underclothing, handkerchiefs, gloves, ribbons and the trifles that fill a lady's bureau drawers. Scent-bags are always acceptable holiday gifts. Send for a one-ounce packet to be forwarded by return mail. Your choice of Rose, Heliotrope, Violet and Lavender, 50cts. Address THE PINKHAM MFG. CO., LYNN, MASS.

WORK For All. $30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

YOUR Name printed on 50 Mixed Cards, and 100 Scrap Pictures, 10c. Ray Card Co. Clintonville, Ct

25 all hidden name and Silk Fringe Cards, with 30 page sample book, 10cts. 40 mixed, and Solid Silver Ring, 20cts. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

21 New Fancy Shapes of Bevel and White Dove Hidden Name Cards 5c. Franklin Plt. Co. New Haven, Ct.

CARDS Book of HIDDEN NAME Cards, 12 Fancy, Scrap, Gilt Verse, Comic, Floral, Reward Cards, etc., and a copy of our Every Other Week paper, all for a 3c. stamp. HOME AND YOUTH, Cadiz, Ohio.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

390 Fancy Selections, Scrap Pictures, etc., and nice Sample Cards for 2c. Hill Pub. Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

250 Scrap Pictures & Verses with new Samples for 1888, 5c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.

200 Silk Fringe, Hid'n name, Xmas, N. Y., and Easter Cards, Scrap, Verses, Pictures, Games, &c., 25p. Agt's Outfit and Ring for 10c. T. Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

GOLD WATCHES FREE TO ALL!

The publishers of *Housewife*, the popular Illustrated Home monthly, to introduce it into new homes, make this liberal offer: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible before January 15th will receive a Gentleman's WATCH worth $75, Solid Gold, Hunting Case, Stem winder. If there be more than one correct answer, the second will receive a Lady's WATCH worth $50, Solid Gold, Hunting Case, Stem winder, the third a Gold Watch, Hunting case, Stem winder, worth $40, the fourth a Solid Silver Watch worth $25. Each of the next 20 a handsome open face Nickel Watch worth $10. Enclose 24 cents with your answer for which we will send you *Housewife* each month for 6 months. Remit by postal note, silver or stamps. Name this paper. Address HOUSEWIFE PUB. CO., Greenfield, Mass

THE INVALUABLE DISINFECTING REMEDY!

PHÉNOL SODIQUE.

Proprietors, HANCE BROTHERS & WHITE, Phila'a.

EXTERNALLY—for all kinds of injuries; *relieving pain* instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.

Gives *prompt* and *permanent relief* in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS *of every description.*

INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.

In NASAL CATARRH, *Fetid Discharges from the* EAR, OZÆNA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a *boon to both Physician and Patient.*

For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to *prevent the spread of* CONTAGION, it is the *best* DISINFECTANT Known.

For Sale by Druggists and General Merchandise Dealers

Champion. Rochester, Duplex

and all the Popular

LAMPS and BURNERS.

Also,

FLOOR or PIANO LAMPS,

IN BRONZE AND WROUGHT IRON.

GREAT VARIETY.

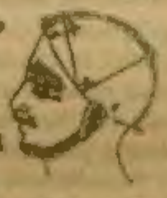
A. J. WIEDENER,

86 SOUTH SECOND ST., PHILADA.

WOOD'S LADIES GOLD MEDAL BLACKING

A HARMLESS SHOE DRESSING.

Gold Medal received for superiority over all other dressings. Will not crack or harden the leather. Bottle contains double the quantity of other dressings. 25c. Your Shoe Dealer has it.



R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artist IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER YAK DILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND COUPRIS.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

1 Signet Ring, 1 Plain Ring, 100 Cards & Pictures, Fringe Hidden Name &c., 10 Games, Songs and Agt's Book of 20 cards, 10c. IVY CARD Co., Clintonville, Conn.

50 CHROMO or 25 All Hidden Name CARDS, 10c. Sample Book 6c. Crown Plt. Co., Northford, Ct.

MUSIC ANY PERSON CAN PLAY the PIANO AND ORGAN without the aid of a teacher by using Soper's Instantaneous Guide to the keys. No previous knowledge of music whatever required. Send for book of testimonials. FREE. Address SOPER MUSIC CO., Box 1487, NEW YORK, N. Y.

We Grow HEAVY MOUSTACHE Whiskers on Ladies and Boys or Bald Heads in 30 days. Don't Wait! Don't Be Humbugged! We will grow this or your money back. We will grow this or no pay. We will grow this or forfeit $500. We will grow this or pay $1000. We will grow this or pay $5000. We will grow this or pay $10000. We will grow this or pay $20000. We will grow this or pay $50000. We will grow this or pay $100000. We will grow this or pay $200000. We will grow this or pay $500000. We will grow this or pay $1000000. We will grow this or pay $2000000. We will grow this or pay $5000000. We will grow this or pay $10000000. We will grow this or pay $20000000. We will grow this or pay $50000000. We will grow this or pay $100000000. We will grow this or pay $200000000. We will grow this or pay $500000000. We will grow this or pay $1000000000. We will grow this or pay $2000000000. We will grow this or pay $5000000000. We will grow this or pay $10000000000. We will grow this or pay $20000000000. 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Latest Fashion Phases.

Cool and pretty cream-white woolens that resemble veilings are used by Parisian dressmakers in combination with soft silks, plain, shot or striped, or sometimes with plaided surahs in old-fashioned colors of red, orange, olive and brown.

A stylish model has a basque and tunic of pale primrose-yellow, figured with tiny moss roses and leaves, draped over a skirt of dark-green surah plaided with yellow and Roman-red, with fine lines of bronze crossing the blocks. The vest is of the plaid, with dark-green velvet revers beside, with collar and cuffs of the same.

Mousselaine de laine of a pale cream color forms a bodice and long draperies over a skirt of ecru lace that has a plaiting of the mousselaine de laine at each side that is visible from belt to hem.

The gathered vest is of pink China crape, and there are golden-brown velvet revers on the waist.

A ladder of brown velvet bows with long loops is on the sides of the plaited panels.

A tan-colored etamine gown has a skirt of plaided surah, the colors of the silk being a paler shade of tan and a tint of corn, with crossing lines of olive and pale blue.

There is a wide sash of the surah at the back of the etamine skirt.

Most of the fancy dry goods houses have for several years imported surah underwear, both white and colored, in sets and single pieces. These elegant lace-trimmed garments are exquisitely dainty to look at, and beautifully made, as are most specimens of French handiwork; but, although warranted to "wash," one or two visits to the laundry forever ruin their look of pristine beauty.

Ladies of fastidious taste have, however, always regarded finest white fabrics as the only suitable and sanitary textiles for underwear, holding to prejudices against colored materials, however rich.

An improvement upon these is now almost universally offered in the handsome serviceable lines of woven underwear in silk or ribbed lisle thread. These garments are cool, comfortable, light in quality, and fit the form to perfection, thus doing away with the bulky gathers and puffs around the shoulders and waist, which are always a source of surprise to the economical and dainty Frenchwoman, whose wonder it was why women should cumber themselves with yards of needless gathered fabric, which interfered greatly with both natural grace and comfort and ease.

The new woven underwear in French and German lisle thread is now sold at prices that come within the reach of people of very moderate means.

Silk-ribbed underwear is also offered at greatly reduced prices.

A stylish tea-gown is made of figured India silk. The figures are rather large and are brown and terra-cotta upon an ecru ground. Around the bottom of the skirt is a foot plaiting of India silk, a bright terra-cotta in shade. A loose front that falls from the neck of the dress to the floor is made of the plain silk, laid in small, overlaping side plaits. Over this the figured fronts are laid. From the shoulders to the waist, where they fasten, they are faced with velvet, and turned back over the waist, giving the appearance of a vest front. Both sides are alike slashed and filled in with a plaiting of plain silk, after the pattern of an inverted V, the point of the V reaching nearly to the waist, where long loops and ends of terra-cotta ribbon are fastened. Over the hips are laid velvet lapels like those of a man's coat pockets. The back of the fitted waist is pointed, and upon this the skirt is laid in two double folds over box plait.

The coat sleeves are finished with narrow cuffs of terra-cotta silk, with a plaiting of narrow Val falling from beneath.

Another is made of pink surah.

A square yoke is made of tucked surah and Valenciennes insertion.

A gathered Watteau back falls over the fitted back underneath. The front is gathered below the yoke, but is confined at the waist with pink ribbons.

Ruffles of Val lace border the dress around the bottom. Falling from beneath jabots of lace down the front are many loops of very narrow picot-edged ribbon. The top of the coat sleeve has an insertion of Val lace through the centre, with small tucks on each side. A lace ruffle on the bottom is caught up on the inside and fastened with ribbons. The standing collar of silk is covered with plaitings of lace. Another tea gown of India silk has loose, full sleeves that are left open at the inside a seam and trimmed around with lace. Down the elbow the two edges are held together with white ribbon bows, and from there falls away from the arm. Some pretty, bright-colored gowns are also shown, notably a red surah trimmed with rich black lace. This is a favorite combination just now with young and pretty women in Paris. With this gown will be worn red silk stockings, to match the shade of the dress. Over the top of the foot, and for some distance above the ankle, they are embroidered with black. The shoes are low-cut patent leather with red kid vamps.

Imported wraps are in a variety of shapes and materials. Long wraps are made of suitings, cloth and camel's-hair fabrics.

They may have loop or dolman sleeves for those that are half loose, and coat sleeves for those that are tight-fitting.

An inside belt holds them in place at the back, and ribbons may be set at the neck and at intervals all the way down the front to tie them, or they may be buttoned.

Some of the most stylish do not show the buttons, but fasten under a fly.

A new and very elegant wrap is of bronze camel's-hair, with full length vest front of bronze and gray, cut and frieze-plush in black pattern, with two-thread wide stripes of dull rose color between the blocks. The collar and the cuffs of the dolman sleeves are of the plush. On the fronts at the neck are very rich braid, cord and ball ornaments, with cable twisted strands connecting them across the front. Epaulets to match. Vest whole in front, buttoning under on one side.

Rough-looking woolen cloths are in favor.

An elegant costume is of chamois-colored Thibet cloth, draped in two deep shawl points, and caught up over the left hip to show an underskirt of plaid woolen material in shades of brown and red.

The bodice is of the chamois cloth, coming down a little below the waist, with a little basque divided into two points at the back. The fronts are of plaited red surah coming down into a point at the waist. The sleeves are of quite a new shape; they are finely plaited from the top down to the elbow, where they form a full puffing, and are gathered into a deep wrist-band of red surah to match the fronts. The neck is finished with a red silk collar, fastened at the side with a little cravat bow.

Embroidered dresses are the success of the season, for they never can become common; they are too costly.

The great novelty is a fineface cloth costume, embroidered in large flowers, appliques in plush of the same shade, but the plush is shaded, and shows varied effects, due to a novel manner of wearing. The skirt is thus worked, and so are the collar, cuffs, plastron and epaulets.

Sometimes pale-gold net-work is added above the plush flowers and thick soutache around them, when the effect is quite rich; a short, plain tunic is added. Similar embroidery is to be seen on a cashmere ground.

Many beautiful toilets are now being prepared in black velvet and Chantilly lace.

Shot and plain velvets are supposed to be first in public favor, but the satins, moires and plushes are so lovely that they will run them hard.

The chief novelties in high bodices will be the disappearance of the high upright collar. The neck is to be cut low, the throat revealed, and large white collars and cuffs in lace guipure and even cambric are again to be popular. They will also be made in surah, crepe mousseline de soie, and added to the dress.

Silk collars falling round the throat will be added to silk and woolen dresses.

Odds and Ends.

AILMENTS ONE GETS LITTLE PITY FOR.

That there are a great many ailments, both little and big, for which no great pity is either felt or shown, everbody knows.

There is an expression you hear almost every day applied to, or having reference to, some sufferer: "Oh! it is nothing deadly:" This is to talk heartlessly—unfeelingly. No complaint in the world, perhaps, elicits less sympathy than *tooth-ache*.

The radical cure for tooth-ache of this sort is so simple that a child can understand its why and its wherefore. Go boldly to a good dentist and have it cleaned and filled.

Never eat to repletion; tooth-ache may be caused by indigestion. To remove the actual pain, chloroform and creosote may be applied with a morsel of lint over the aching tooth again and again, until numbness ensues. This is, however, a doubtful if not a dangerous remedy, and should be used, therefore, with great caution.

Actual decay of teeth is a disease mostly of a constitutional kind, and nearly always requires the advice of a doctor, combined with the work of a dentist.

Whether one gets pity for it or not, neuralgia, whatever form it may take, is always a serious matter. It may, however, be but transient, having been brought on by over-work, anxiety, want of sleep, and exposure to cold or damp. Rest, bracing air, easily digested but nutritious food, a gentle aperient—not a saline—and quinine, are the only remedies I can here prescribe.

It occurs to me to say a word about *earache*. It is a species of neuralgia, but very often proceeds from bad teeth. They should be seen to, as well as the general health. Hot fomentations should be applied to the ear, and afterwards a large, soft, warm poultice. Rest in bed is often imperative.

Back-ache is often a constant complaint with overworked and delicate people. They get little pity for it. It seems almost a mockery to say, "Remove the cause." But this should be done as much as possible, and an easy position studied while at work. Steel, or steel with quinine, will often do good, and the strength should be kept well up.

As, however, back-ache is often connected with internal complaints, which may eventually prove intractable or incurable, whenever it occurs for any length of time a medical man should be consulted.

Pain of all kinds is greatly relieved by the use of the hot bath. This is a hint which should not be forgotten.

Head-aches.—These are of so many different kinds that I cannot spare space to say much about them. Rest, aperients, absence for a time from food, and afterwards mild doses of quinine, will be found beneficial. But those who are much subject to them must take the greatest care how they live, and not neglect plenty of wholesome, happy exercise in the open air. Those who sit much during the day should be careful to hold the body as erect as possible.

Cold water applied frequently to the head does good in *fulness of the head*. This often proceeds from a disordered stomach and liver. The latter may be congested, and, if only transiently so, one or two anti-bilious pills will remove it. The stomach and liver sympathise very much with each other. When the latter is out of order, the former will be acid.

Acidity of the stomach is a complaint with many. I shall treat of it, I trust, at a future day. Let me only here warn those who suffer from it not to trust too much to antacids, which always make matters worse in the long run.

A *sprain* is apt to be neglected. Rest and soothing applications, or even cold water, will be sufficient to bring matters straight very soon; but remember, many a one has become a cripple for life from neglecting a sprained foot or ankle.

An *in-growing nail* is a most painful, though not dangerous, affection. It is quite sufficient to lame one, and to cause much suffering, situated, as it usually is, on the great toe. A speedy attempt must be made to cure it. The nail should be scraped thin in the centre by means of a small piece of glass; afterwards it will be found possible to raise, by gentle pressure, the in-grown portion; under it should be placed a morsel of carbolised cotton. This should be changed twice a day, and only a slipper or soft shoe worn, until it is quite healed. When paring the toe-nails, it is best to cut them right across. All sorts of troubles accrue to the feet from the habit of wearing badly-fitting boots or shoes.

Book stealing seems to have been elevated into a regular trade in Paris; for, according to a return drawn up by the prefecture of police, the number of persons prosecuted for this offence within the last two years has been 145, of whom only five have been acquitted, while ninety others have been sentenced to fine or imprisonment, and the remaining fifty are still awaiting their trial.

"PRISONERS' SUNDAY," which this year was observed in more than one-half of the States of the Union, occured on the 30th of October. The idea of a day especially set apart for the prayerful consideration of the criminal classes originated in the New York Prison Association. Its observance was at first confined to New York State, but one State after another has taken it up.

Let a man give the reins to his impulses and passions, and from that moment he yields up his moral freedom.

Confidential Correspondents.

ALICE.—A lady should not accept too many presents from a gentleman, even if she is engaged to be married to him.

A. W.—Bathing the head constantly with salt-water is apt to make the hair rough and coarse, but cannot weaken it; on the contrary.

HARRIET.—There is no luck connected with the day of the week or month on which one is married. The idea that there is any luck connected with the wedding-day is the sheerest superstition.

BARRY.—Stammering is a purely nervous habit. Encourage yourself to speak slowly, and don't get flustered at your difficulty. Practice doing so by yourself. Take a tonic, such as quinine and iron, twice a day.

T. R. S.—The "Man of Destiny" was the first Napoleon, who always looked upon himself as an instrument in the hands of fate. Napoleon III. was called the "Man of December," because in that month (1848) he was made President of the Republic, effected his subversion of government (1851), and was declared Emperor (1852).

E. C.—You seem to be the distrustful one, and not the young lady. If she assures you that she believes in your sincerity, you should take her word for it. You seem to be one of those morbid lovers who cannot be satisfied with any degree of devotion on the part of a sweetheart. You must learn to be more reasonable.

C.—We have usually found that men who wanted to strike up Platonic friendships were fools—or something else. Men and women form loyal friendships, but we are always afraid when any philandering begins. You must frankly and honestly acknowledge the existence of human weakness, and do nothing to strain the strength of frail beings.

LENA.—The placing of postage-stamps upside down on the outside of letters simply means, in this country, that the persons who do it are slovenly and careless. If your friend is not precise in small matters, it is doubtful if he is so in large. A straw will show which way a stream runs; character is often revealed by matters as trivial as that about which you seek enlightenment.

M. H.—It is certainly hard that your father fails to see the man's character. The fellow is one of the many sanctimonious and dangerous wretches who swarm in our large towns. But, pray, what more can you do? You cannot open your father's eyes. Very good; do your duty like a good girl, and take care of yourself. As for the revenge, never heed such arrant rubbish.

DRAMA.—Mrs. Malaprop is one of the characters in Sheridan's play, "The Rivals," published in 1775. She is aunt and guardian to Lydia Languish, the heiress, and sets her cap at Sir Lucius O'Trigger, "a tall Irish baronet," corresponding with him under the name of Delia. Sir Lucius fancies that his fair correspondent is the niece, and when he discovers his mistake, retires.

SISTER.—No, we do not believe there is any truth in dreams. We set them down for the most part to toasted cheese for supper. Dreams depend entirely upon the particular way in which special parts of the brain are supplied with blood during sleep, and they have no more importance as prognostications for your life and happiness than any other fact of circulation or any other form of indigestion.

ECCLESIA.—The title, "Defender of the Faith" (Fidei Defensor) was conferred by the Pope upon Henry VIII. for a volume written by that monarch against Luther, and in defence of pardons, the Papacy, and the seven sacraments. It is still borne by the monarchs of England. William IV., Victoria's uncle, preceded her on the throne of Great Britain. Should the Prince of Wales die before the death of Victoria, his eldest living son would accede to the throne on the Queen's death.

INQUIRER.—Each Congress district in the United States is entitled to have one cadet at West Point. In addition, ten cadets at large are appointed by the President. The appointments, except those at large, are made by the Secretary of War at the request of the member of Congress from the district from which the appointment is to be made. The age for the admission of a cadet is between 17 and 22 years; he must be at least five feet in height, free from disease and of fair education.

IGNORAMUS. — The picture represents Eurydice as sinking back into Hades. She was the wife of Orpheus, and was killed by a serpent on her wedding night. Orpheus went down to Hades to crave for her restoration to this life, and Pluto said she should follow him to the earth provided he did not look back. But just as he had reached the confines of our world he turned to see if Eurydice was following, and caught a glance of her as she was snatched back into the shades below. The story appears in Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

STEPHENSON.—Boiled oil is made by heating linseed-oil over a fire in an iron pot until it thickens to a greater or less extent. For very quick-drying oils it is allowed to catch fire and burn until judged to be enough "boiled," when a lid is put on the pot to smother the flame and the fire drawn. Oil-boilers judge of the condition of the oil by taking some between two knives or a finger and thumb and seeing into how long strings it can be drawn. When so treated, it is known as "varnish." We know of no treatise on the making of oilskins or waterproofs. They consist of cotton cloth brushed over with a succession of coats of boiled oil. A few experiments will teach you more than any book. The boiled oil used for paint is heated only for a very short time. All these products are improved greatly by age when kept in bulk.

C. M.—This correspondent put the following case: "What course should a young man pursue who has been paying and is still paying his attentions to a young lady that he loves with all his heart, but to whom he has never declared his love, when he has a rival who loves her, and several other young men love her too, but only one of whom (the rival) he is afraid will be troublesome? The young lady treats him and his rival both with great respect, and one just about as much as the other. Neither of them has declared his love, and if the young lady should accept him, would not the other fellow have to knock under?" We think he would; and therefore you would do well to make haste and be the one to declare his love and be accepted by the young lady, or else you may find yourself under the disagreeable necessity of being the one that will have to "knock under."